

KING'S PRINCESS

• TO-DAY •



KING'S To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.
SPECIAL MATINEE
20th Century-Fox present a
Programme of **TERRYTOON** Technicolor Cartoons
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

At 11.00 a.m. RKO-DISNEY present a
VARIETY PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M's Spectacular Romance
"VALLEY OF THE KINGS"
Starring: Robert Taylor — Eleanor Parker
In Colour
Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

PAUL NEWMAN just voted by the Cannes Film Festival
as the **BEST ACTOR** of 1958 for his performance in
"THE LONG, HOT SUMMER"



JOANNE WOODWARD
Academy Award Winner
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
in her finest performance!

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S The Long, Hot Summer

PAUL NEWMAN - JOANNE WOODWARD - ANTHONY FRANCIOSA
ORSON WELLES - LEE REMICK - ANGELA LANSBURY (cast by 1958)

EXTRA! EXTRA! At the ROXY: To-day At 2.30 p.m.
FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"THE LONG, HOT SUMMER" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
3 STOOGES COMEDY & M-G-M TECHNICOLOR
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA

12 ANGRY MEN

... IT EXPLODES LIKE 12 STICKS OF DYNAMITE!
LEE J. COBB - ED BEGLEY and
E. G. MARSHALL - JACK WARDEN
PLEASE see it from the beginning!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M TECHNICOLOR WALT DISNEY'S
CARTOONS PROGRAMME FEATURE-LENGTH
TECHNICOLOR CARTOON
"LADY AND THE TRAMP"

At Reduced Prices
METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Marilyn Monroe in
"NIAGARA" in Technicolor
At Reduced Prices

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

A COMPLETE change of films all round makes this an interesting weekend. The Roxy and the Broadway are taking off "The Young Lions," but in its place goes "The Long Hot Summer," a film that shows the genius of Jerry Wald from opening to closing shot. A kind of behind the scenes film, it is the second of the new pictorial type of personal dramas, insensitive in personal relationship, but as true as life.

Two films use the "bring them together" technique: "12 Angry Men" locks you up in a jury room; "Zero Hour" traps you in a plane where sickness has ousted both pilots. Both films are gripping in their way.

Science fantasy returns with a real shocker, giant man-eating scorpions in "The Black Scorpion" at the Lee and Astor. The Queen's and the Hoover and Liberty group join up to give "Dian Charn" a three-theatre Hongkong premiere.

THERE is quite a lot to say about "12 Angry Men," which is showing at the Metropole and Star today. It is a most unusual film, and will appeal more to the intelligent and discriminating filmgoer, rather than the vapid-minded person who drops in a cinema, closes his mouth and opens his eyes, and waits for what the distributor has sent him.

I had better say in what way it is an unusual film. Well, first trusting to my memory, I should say that no other film has relied on so small a location for a film. Other films have come near it, and some very fine films at that. "Front Page," a classic of the thirties; "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," almost all centred around Elizabeth's sitting room; films taken on ships and in trains, but all these Broadway people are a producer confined himself to one set. And I would say that over ninety per cent of this film is taken within a set of a jury room.

Unless you are interested in the technicalities of a film, you won't notice the fade-outs and dissolving shots you find in the ordinary film. I mean the shots that take the place of the cut-

tain drop in a play to denote the passing of time, or the shift from one scene to another. This film has none, for any dissolves, not any flashbacks to relate what has passed.

The person who knows what I'm talking about will say: "All right, so you have a static film." The answer is, you haven't. By keeping the camera trailing all the time, you get a most vigorous reaction. Nor does the camera move illogically just to get movement. Let me qualify. You watch one of the jurymen making a point, and what he is saying annoys his opposite number, so the camera allows you to see the opposite number getting worked up. Suddenly a quiet chap bursts into anger, the camera is there to get his reactions, and so on. I followed one sequence, and although I did not time it until I saw it was going to be quite long, it seemed to me to last for almost ten minutes. This must make it one of the longest shots in film history. It is a new technique for the cinema, an exciting one, an acknowledgement that at times there is an intelligent audience. But actually the skill and the technique comes from the bright young men who operate television, and incidentally, the young men who have given the Hollywood Rajahs terrific headaches.

Regarding the playing. As is possible with a jury, you get twelve different types: the chap who couldn't care less and wants to get it over; the chap who intends to find his findings; the quiet chap who wants to agree with everyone.

The greatest contrast is between Henry Fonda and Lee J. Cobb, yet every jurymen contributes his own quota of personality to the film. I cannot help but praise a production that dares to be different and venturesome in the interest of cinema art. It is the jolt the industry has needed. One other thing. The ordinary filmgoer will be wondering what all these Broadway people are doing in the film. The answer is, it was filmed in New York, and as a consequence, the actors could carry on with their shows, and take time off for the film. They can easily do that in London, but Hollywood bring where it is, never.

Personally, I should like New York to build up its industry, if only to challenge the monopoly of type, not quality, of films we

get from Hollywood. So on that account, I give "12 Angry Men," full marks.

THE way I see "The Long Hot Summer," is as a kind of smouldering film which suddenly bursts into flame. Taken from a book by William Faulkner, it has that clever theme by which you take what seems to be an ordinary family from anywhere, and suddenly you turn the glaring light of an author's perception onto their private lives, until every little detail and every secret hope, whim, and weakness, is exposed to the public gaze.

In a way, it is cruel writing, it shows no pity whatever for any one, but none can deny it is clever, and creative writing at its best. When such a theme is taken over by Jerry Wald, you have the world's greatest producer on the job. Nowhere is there another producer of his ability to take these small location dramas, and show us the very nerves of life, exposed and raw, and bleeding. That was the brilliance of "Keyhole Place," and it is the brilliance of "The Long Hot Summer."

There are long sensuous scenes—Paul Newman whose very ruthlessness only emphasises Franciosa's weakness, the contempt of Orson Welles, the powerful and unprincipled dictator of this seemingly sleepy Southern town.

Joanne Woodward, now established as an actress, takes over the role of a sensitive and troubled daughter of the family, who in the end seems to accept the fact that the only way to deal with a ruthless man, as her father, is for another man, equally as ruthless, to outwit him. You will notice I draw no strong conclusions from the film, as I was uncertain as to how it all ends. That is how it is, and that accounts for the extraordinary success of such novels and such films, when the latter are made true to the author's treatment.

(Contd. on Page 3, Col. 5)

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

STAR & METROPOLE: "12 Angry Men." Clever one-set social drama. Action mainly confined to jury room. Extremely clever camera work employing TV technique. No dissolves, no fadeouts, no flashbacks. Excellently cast with huge Broadway names: tense, stark, violent audience response. An unusually intelligent film which has Henry Fonda play the lead as well as produce. Reginald Rose, top States TV writer and producer, associate producer for story. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Ed Begley, E. G. Marshall, Jack Warden.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Black Scorpion." "Horrific" fantasy which has been thrashed out once again, this time by ghastly scorpions, and the exact locale, Mexico. Spine chilling, it is the old story with a different kind of species. The points about this film are: it is more authentic, therefore more convincing, in that the producer goes to more trouble to produce a location where the earth-quake zone can be shot with terrifying reality. Unsuitable for children. Richard Denning, Mara Corday, Carlos Rivas, and Mario Navarro.

HOOVER, LIBERTY and QUEEN'S: "Dian Charn." Million dollar production of the story of the "Wonder Girl" of the Han Dynasty. Beautifully filmed in Eastman colour, with period costumes of dazzling beauty. Beautiful actor, sensitive direction; winner of five

awards at the Asian Film Festival, Linda Lin.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Long Hot Summer." Jerry Wald production of William Faulkner's novel of the same name. Film takes small Southern States town, and unlocks the doors to the audience, sparing no one's feelings. Stark, revealing, humiliating, yet true to life, with no attempt to gloss over the complex paradox of human behaviour. CinemaScope, made in colour by De Luxe, captures scenic beauty, but concentrates on close shots. Wonderfully cast with acting rising to great, on occasions. Raw to indecency, yet never offensive. Both producer and director observe the ethics of the film, but make no concession to the puritan. Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles, Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Zero Hour." Locks you up in a plane where the pilots are down with food poisoning. Fight to make it, author of script has brought his types into this plane. They get aboard, their minds full of their personal problems, which fade into insignificance before the present danger. A clever presentation. Slick production, smooth dialogue, good characterisation. Tense, prolonged suspense, sensitive in approach to individual problems; good direction. Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell, Sterling Hayden, with Elroy Hirsch, and Geoffrey Toone.

COMING

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Ride Back." Good adult Western. Has Anthony Quinn starred as a killer brought back to stand trial for murder. Lita Milan plays the Mexican sweetheart performance. William Conrad is the law officer. A real Western, Indians as well. Good direction, and good characterisation by Quinn and Conrad. Easy going pace, mounting in build-up. (Indian attack; Conrad's decision to stand trial). Individual performance good in a new ever-worked situation.

LEE & ASTOR: "Carve Her Name With Pride." Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Produced by Daniel M. Angel. Screenplay by Lewis Gilbert and Vernon Harris. Based on book by R. J. Minner. Photographed by John Wilcox. Music by William Alwyn. British Rank Film Distributors. Violetta Barbe, Virginia McKenna, Tony Fraser, Paul Schofield, Victor Mature, Jack Warner; her mother, Denise Grey; and others. True story, this detailed roles given. Story of woman agent for British forces. Shot at 41 war widows at 21, dead in German concentration camp at 23. Awarded George Cross. Made with restraint, showing individual change away from black movies. Moving, inspiring, a film that will remain great.

Dostoevsky's characters reach the screen. Rich in theme, deep colours and rich glow give mood to the film. Characterisation brilliant, moods of love, hatred, revenge, sin, hell, heaven, and forgiveness, all there. Great direction; much made of contrasts of light and shadow. Remains, revolting at times, nevertheless, true Dostoevsky. Just heard this film has been entered for the Cannes Festival by the United States. Yul Brynner and Maria Schell lead a great cast.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Man Hunt." Western drama. Usual tale of misunderstanding and great purposes lead to the climax in this film. On the basis that the Western will never lose its popularity, this film is a good example, sticking close to conventions, and maintaining the fabulous theory that right will triumph. Good direction; best use made of conventional plot; colour by De Luxe; well cast; several nice spots. Clammy Scope, Dan Murray, Diane Varsi, Cliff Willis, and Dennis Hopper.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Deep Gossip." Rehearsal of the Paramount classic. Well worth seeing again, and has topical angle from current affairs. Caused considerable comment when first issued. Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Frazer, with Brian Donlevy and Robert Marcarelli.

QUEEN'S HOOVER LIBERTY

TO-DAY: 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Winner of 5 Golden Harvest Awards
at the 5th Asian Film Festival

DIAU CHARN

OF THREE KINGDOMS

LINDA-TSAO RAY



EASTMAN COLOR

A SHAW STUDIO PRODUCTION

Add Morning Performance To-morrow, Sunday
QUEEN'S: 11.30 — HOOVER: 12.00 — LIBERTY: 12.30

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

John Wayne
Sophia Loren
Rossano Brazzi



CAPITOL
To-Morrow Special Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"VICTORY AT SEA"

RITZ
To-Morrow Special Show
At 12.15 p.m.
"THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

TO-DAY

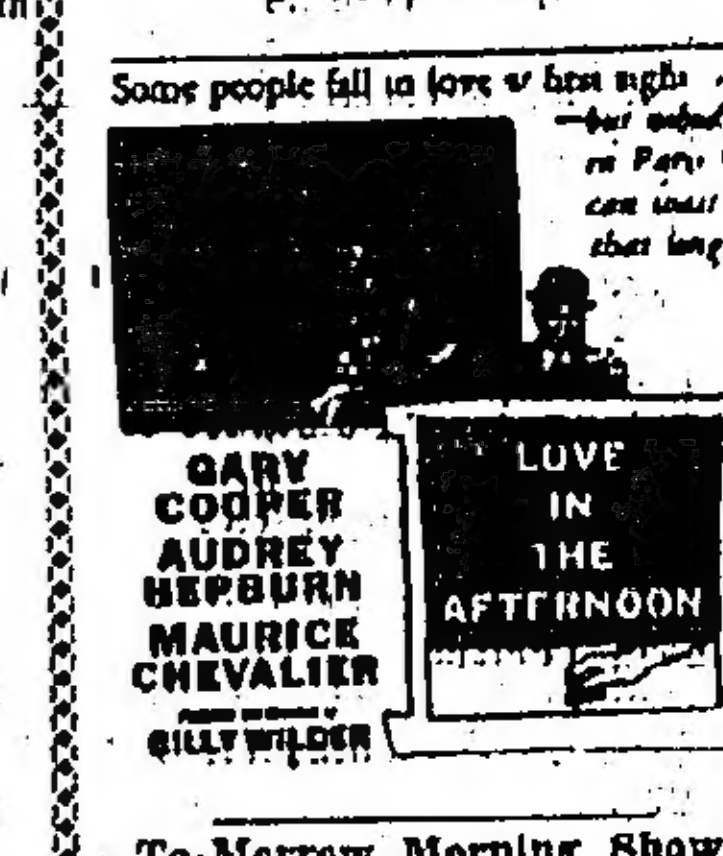
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

IT'S THE BIG-TOE OF MUSICAL COMEDY!
Laugh! Throbbing with thrills!



SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30-5.15-7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



Morning Show Tomorrow 12.30
"PLANE AND THE ARROW"

To-Morrow Morning Show
"ORIENTAL EVIL"

Princess Garden

RESTAURANT NIGHTCLUB
Proudly Presents

TWO GRAND FLOOR-SHOWS

THE ATIENZA SISTERS

CANDY LEE



Sensational Juggling
Acrobatic & Fire Dancers

Inter-Continental
Flash Bomb

NIGHTLY AT 12 MID-NIGHT & 1.15 A.M.
Music by Celso L. Carrillo & His Quintet Moderne

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Ying-Ying Theatre Bldg., Nathan Rd., Kowloon. Tel. 9400, 9474

TELEVISION

TELEPHONE 71-2021

Behind A Newly-Cleaned Tablet In Westminster Abbey Lies The Story Of:



"Hi-you wonderful people"

"Hate to say farewell, but off to Japan next week"

We present with pride
the incomparable
BILLY BANKS
in a Special
Farewell Performance
TONIGHT

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
RESTAURANT

FIRST FLOOR, MANSON HOUSE
74-76 Nathan Road, Kowloon.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



QUEEN Elizabeth soon recently at the Woolwich Depot of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, making an inspection tour—a tour which included some close-ups of guided missiles, such as the Thunderbird.—Express.

★
VISCOUNT Elvedon celebrated his 21st birthday last week, became a millionaire and partner with his grandfather, Lord Iveagh, chairman of the Guinness brewing company. He is seen cutting his cake at a party at Elvedon Hall, Suffolk, for 1,400 tenants and workers.—Express.



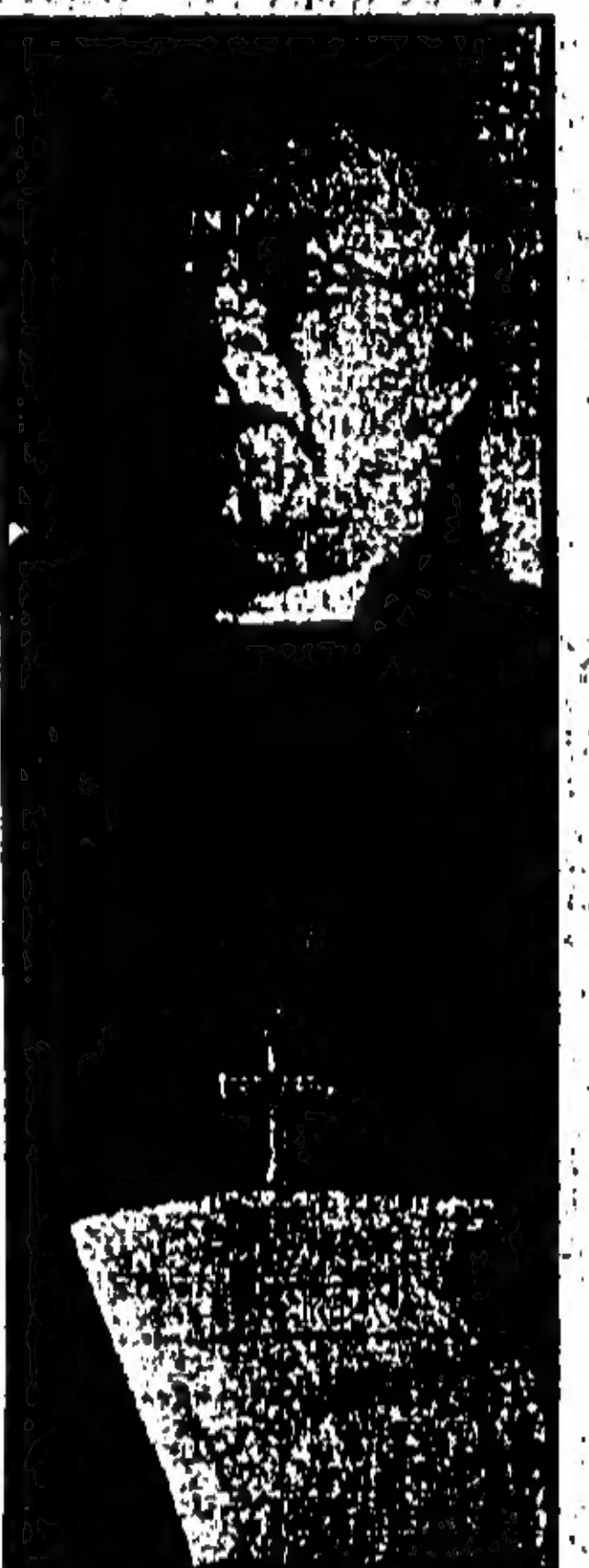
BEGUM Haque, 20, one of British Overseas Airways Corporation's new hostesses on the Indian run. She is one of 24 girls from India and Pakistan who are on a five-week BOAC course at Sunningdale.—Express.



FLAGS were out in Paisley, Scotland, last week for Prince Philip when he arrived under his citizenship scheme for young people. He presented medals and diplomas to 79 Paisley boys. Here a youthful admirer waves as he drives past.—Express.



★
HULA comes to the Royal Navy! Wrens practice the dance for next month's presentation in London of the Royal Tournament, annual British military pageant.—Express.



Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, seen recently in London at a press conference when he explained his invitation to Cypriot Archbishop Makarios to attend the forthcoming Lambeth conference. He said he informed Government departments several months ago of his decision to invite Makarios.—The Times.



FIFTY persons were injured when a workers' train crashed head-on with a shunting engine last week at Paisley, Scotland. The first two coaches telescoped, jumped into the air and landed off the track. Seen are firemen removing a seat from a wrecked compartment. An injured passenger was laid on it until an ambulance arrived.—Express.



WHEN British actress Virginia McKenna returned home recently from Jamaica—where she had been spending a brief holiday with her husband, Bill Travers, (as above)—she told reporters she is expecting a baby in November. Said she: "I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl... All I want is a baby, which is something beautiful anyway."—Express.

PRINCESS Margaret is taken for a ride in a Goggomobil, baby car of her frequent escort, playboy Billy Wallace. The car—seven feet long—is a change for the pretty princess from her customary Rolls-Royces and Daimlers.—Express.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace
Thompson

Griffith

This usage could, presumably, have been extended to India and the "greenhorn" involved limited to the British Isles and not merely to the Principality.

The word seems to have been particularly popular in Madras where there is a reference for 1894. A writer in 1898 says "at the Inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent persevering of the black people, for every one is a beggar, as long as you are reckoned as a white or a new-comer". In our time may have a mock-heroic ring about it, in egalitarian English and American ears. It has not the power to wound speaker and listener as has boy with its strident and core of disrespect.

Agar-Agar

This is a sea-weed, used in the manufacture of gum and paste, especially that employed in the making of paper lanterns and models. It is also the base of some Chinese sweet-meats and may be used in the preparation of birdseed soup.

An account of the trade in this commodity in former times may be read in Description of the City of Canton, 2nd ed., Canton, 1839, note 131. Yule and Burnell, in Hobson Jobson, state that it is a Malay word.

Certainly Malaysia is the area where the plant grows in greatest profusion. The botanist's name for this sea-weed is *Sphaerococcus lichenoides*.

Amah

Maid-servant. It is used in combination with other words to form compounds such as wash-amah, baby-amah, number-one-amah and the picturesque and presumably obsolete chow-amah (wet-nurse).

It is the Portuguese ama (also used in Spain). Both Portuguese and English gave this name to a wet-nurse in the south of India and in other parts of the East (I have heard of American residents in Japan use it). It is now the Hongkong word for non-European maid-servants in the same way as coolie and fohi are employed for non-European labourers, porters and other relatively unskilled workmen and women.

Cash

This was the name given to a small copper coin, once the only coin in China worth about one tenth of a cent, according to the older books. Its Chinese name was tung tsien, etc. The word is Anglo-Indian in origin and again, was borrowed from Indo-Portuguese which seems to have had it from one of the Indian languages. The early forms in India resembled Sanskrit karsha. The Portuguese form cash is presumably "contaminated" by the traditional word meaning chest, etc. Cash itself is probably a straight translation of this form, though it too may have suffered similar contamination.

One writer, quoted in Hobson Jobson, observes that "In China the word cash is used by Europeans and their hangers-on as the synonym of the Chinese le and tsien."

The earliest European reference to this name recorded in Hobson Jobson is cash in 1510.

John Davis wrote in 1600 (Purchas, page 117) "Those (coins) of lead are called cash, whereof 1000 make one mas." "The mas" referred to is the mass of China Coast Pidgin. We shall have something to say of it later.

Note: In spite of the erudition of the remarks on "Captain" in last week's column, I feel that the use of this word for Head Walter in Hongkong at the present time is a pure Americanism.

Not long ago an English friend of mine wrote me in despair that his son, regarding literacy as the badge of "savagery" had left school in the U.S.A. and become a "Captain of Officers" at the Navy.

Sensations Of Sport No. 2 By John Cottrell

THE ROUGH-HOUSE
DERBY DISASTER

KING GEORGE V fingered a white carnation in his buttonhole as he talked with the Crown Princess of Sweden, Queen Mary, standing with the Duke of Connaught, ranged her binoculars over the vast crowd of politicians and peers, bookies and tipsters, pedlars and gypsies.

It was June 4, 1913. The scene was set for another Derby, that most colourful of all events on the British sporting calendar. And, as ever, it had attracted a wide cross-section of society to Epsom Downs.

This year, a record crowd turned out to see the famous flat race for three-year-olds. They came on foot, on bicycles, by automobile, and by a new-fangled form of transport called the motor omnibus. They filled the stands and picked the rails along the one-mile four-furlong course.

On this day, in the third year of George V's reign, they were to witness the most sensational and disastrous Derby since the race was first run in 1780.

They called it the Rough-house Derby. And with excellent reason. There was a disgraceful amount of bumping and bashing, and, for the first time in the history of the classic race, there was a disqualification for interference.

Not since Running Rein was disqualified in 1844, when a gigantic plot to deceive the stewards with a four-year-old was attempted, had such a thing happened in the Derby.

But the disqualification of a horse—unfortunately it happened to be the favourite—shocked only the racing fraternity. Another incident in the race shocked the whole country.

Just as the field rounded the bend at Tattenham Corner, a woman dashed on to the course, narrowly escaping death under the iron-shod hooves of the leading horses.

Then to the horror of the crowd—she threw herself in front of a horse carrying the Royal colours. The King's horse was brought down, the jockey was injured—and the woman was killed.

This incident did not affect the outcome of the 1913 Derby ensured that the 1913 Derby

more, their hooves thundering on the hard turf. In the heat of their dramatic duel, the jockeys were oblivious to the chaos behind them when the woman brought down the King's horse.

Now, neither Aboyeur nor Craganour could be described as an angelic horse, and when they came together in the final straight, Aboyeur gave his rival a hefty bump.

Craganour, who had been bumping horses all the way, did not hesitate to bump Aboyeur in return. And that cost him the race.

In the closing stages there was nothing to choose between the two horses and they finished together, with Louvois, Great Sport, Nimbus, Day Comet and Shogun only a few paces behind.

But it was clear that Craganour was home first by a head and the cry, "The favourite wins," went round the course. An unofficial "All right" was given; congratulations were extended to the winners; bookies began to pay out.

Two minutes later came the bombshell. The red "objection" flag was hoisted. And soon after, Aboyeur, the 100-1 outsider, was declared the winner.

Mr. A. P. Cunliffe, owner of Aboyeur, has been sporting enough not to object. The objection had been raised by the stewards, who disqualified Craganour on the grounds that he jostled the second horse.

The judges also found that Craganour, "by not keeping a straight course, and at one point of the race seriously interfering with Shogun, Day Comet and Aboyeur, and had afterwards bumped and bored the latter so as to prevent his winning."

The verdict caused general consternation. Fuster argued; bookies were confused; the crowd was gloomy. It had, indeed, been a most disappointing Derby. In the words of a commentator of the time, "It was not a race, it was a fight."

Craganour was a most popular horse with race-goers. But there can be no doubt that he inter-

fered with other horses, and his jockey, American Johnny Reiff, admitted that he had bumped Aboyeur in retaliation.

It was also an unsatisfactory result, for photographs later showed that Sir Edward Hulton's Shogun might well have won had he been given a clear run home.

The only people who could rejoice at the result were the bookies, the owners of Aboyeur and a little part of visitors who had all backed Aboyeur because they had recently sailed in a ship of that name.

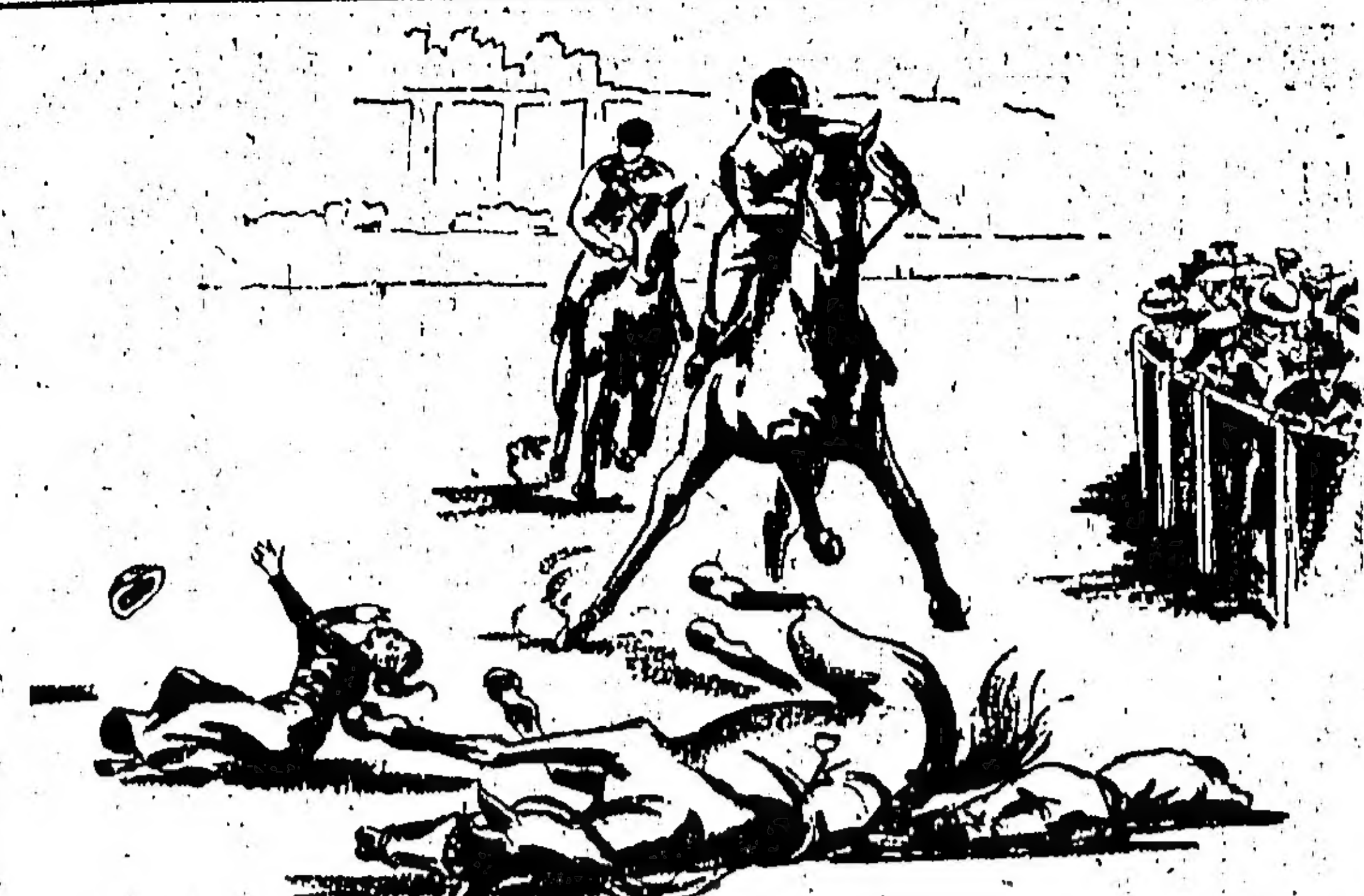
This verdict was to be debated for many years to come. But, of course, the big talking-point after the race was the unexplained action of the woman who had dashed in front of the King's horse.

Who was this woman? Why had she done it? Was she dead? What will the King say? Was the Royal jockey seriously injured?

These were the questions on everyone's lips, and it was several hours before all the answers were known.

The woman was a brilliant scholar by the name of Emily Wilding Davison and she died four days later in Epsom College Hospital after an operation for a fracture of the skull. The King's jockey, Herbert Jones, was also badly injured, but he lived to give a full account of his strange adventure in the 1913 Derby.

The jockey used to recall that he was not altogether surprised to see a woman on the course; on three recent occasions, women had decided to cross the course while racing was in pro-



To the horror of the crowd, Emily Davison threw herself in front of the King's horse, Anmer, and brought both horse and jockey to the ground.

gress, and each time disaster had been narrowly averted.

This time, jockey Jones thought he would easily miss the woman. When he first saw her, she was in the centre of the course and he was near the rails. But he was wrong.

Jones recalled: "Surely she was mad. She was running back into my path. She stumbled and nearly fell. I reigned Anmer cruelly. And then with a great rush she seized Anmer's bridle and leaped at his neck with the movement of a matador."

"An awful scream. The crowd yelled. Women fainted. In an instant we were all three in a struggling heap on the grass."

The King's horse scrambled to its feet and bolted. The woman was unconscious. She had blood on her face; her hat lay several feet away.

No one in the crowd could identify her. Then a policeman turned over her inert body, and found, tied round her waist, three ribbons: purple, green and white—the familiar colours of the Women's Social and Political Union.

The woman was a militant suffragette. The colours were the symbol of those who were campaigning furiously for votes for women.

Emily Davison was probably the most brilliant and daring suffragette of them all. She had once struck a Baptist minister, on Aberdeen station that he was Lloyd George in disguise. She had fired pillar boxes and broken windows of the House of Parliament. She had been imprisoned several times and forcibly fed when on hunger strike.

Once Emily barricaded her cell door and would not open up even when she was drenched by hoses pointed through the bars. Eventually, the door had to be taken off its hinges. By then the water in the cell was six inches deep.

Another time, she hid herself in the House of Parliament for 48 hours, staying in the room where Guy Fawkes was discovered. She planned to burst into the Chamber when Parliament reassembled.

Emily Davison, tall, thin, and in her late thirties, was a Bachelor of Arts, an able writer and an accomplished orator. But she was also a headstrong woman and had been one of the first to talk of sacrificing life for the cause.

Ten days after her death, she was given a "martyr's funeral" in London. Thousands of women, dressed in black, purple or white, marched in the procession.

Emily's last demonstration had ended disastrously—and achieved nothing. The following year the "Votes for Women" campaign was temporarily forgotten as Britain went to war.

As for Herbert Jones, who had won the Derbies of 1900 and 1909, he never fully recovered from his injuries. He contracted tuberculosis and, at the age of 70, committed suicide.

Mr. Bower Ismay, disgraced and disappointed, sold his horse Craganour to a South American for £20,000. Anmer, the King's grey colt, was presented to the Canadian Government.

ENDS

Omega's Latest Marvellous Creation for Ladies

The New Omega Ladymatic

It goes on and on, and it never, never needs winding. Self-winding, shock-protected, antimagnetic. Dial with solid 18K gold figures.

Wonderful selection in gold, goldcapped, goldfilled and stainless steel.

OMEGA Ladymatic

The watch the world has learned to trust... some day you will own one

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

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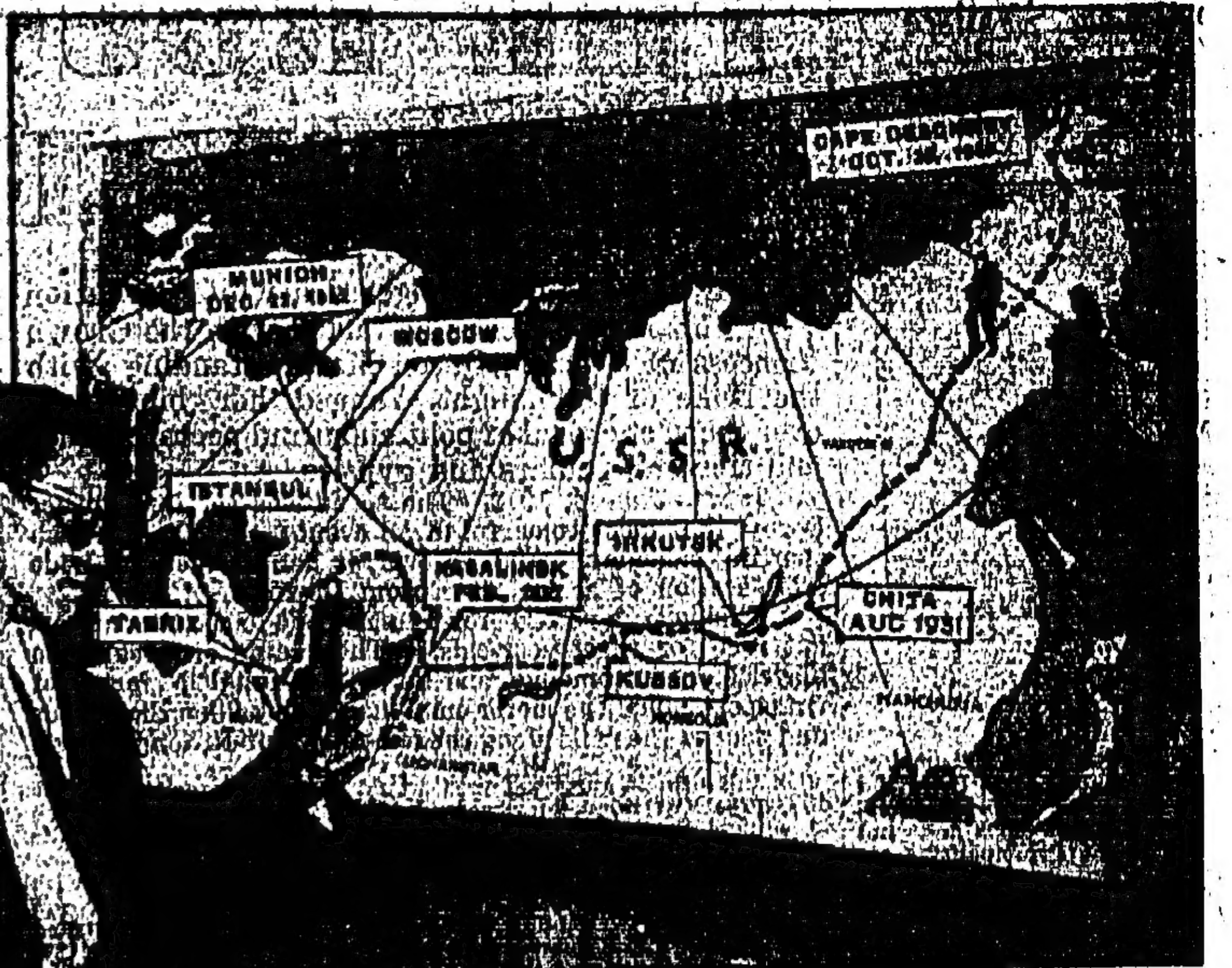
OMEGA * Tissot

24, Jardine House.

He escaped from a prison camp at the end of the earth... now he tells of his nightmare march that took three years

I WALKED 8,000 MILES TO FREEDOM

From Cape East (Deschnev), at the furthest tip of Siberia, to Munich, in Germany. Clemens Forell shows the route of his three-year escape march. It was one of the most daring and adventures of all time.



FOR three years and across 8,000 miles I pitted my body and my brain against thousands of men in a gigantic man-hunt. I won.

I not only escaped from a Russian prison camp in the remotest corner of frozen Siberia. I got home, too, in spite of my pursuers.

Scared mentally and physically. A wreck of a man. But happy to have completed a nightmare march that neither my body nor my mind will ever be able to forget. It was nine o'clock on the night of Sunday, October 30, 1949, that I set out from the desolate, ice-bound wilderness known as Cape East.

It was on the morning of Monday, December 22, 1952, that I reached Munich, in Southern Germany, my home town.

Yes, I was happy. But I knew I should never again be the man I had been when I served as a lieutenant in a German parachute unit. My height is six feet four inches. I should weigh more than 15 stone. That day of my return to Munich I was a giant skeleton of less than 10 stone.

HAUNTING FEAR
Happy? Yes, but I cannot overcome one haunting fear—that the men who pursued me in Russia will try to reach out for me even in my sanctuary.

They will not forgive me for beating them. They will try to take their revenge.

Munich is not far from the Czech border, where the Iron Curtain begins. People have disappeared across that border before, silently, in the night. It can happen again—to me.

That is why I refuse to allow myself to be photographed full face, why I use the false name of Clemens Forell, why I grow tense and suspicious when people question me.

I must remain in the shadows. But there is no reason why I should keep silent, too.

About the way Russia has dealt with its prisoners. About the German ex-soldiers who—12 years after the war—may still be enduring the living death of the Cape East lead mines.

THE DAMNED
It was at this outpost of the damned that, three years after I was taken prisoner in 1942, I was sent as a captive.

I have called it the remotest point in Siberia. It was more. It was truly the end of the earth.

For Cape East is the most extreme north-eastern point of the vast Soviet territory, just 50 miles across the Bering Strait from Alaska. From this God-forsaken land I escaped.

I must be the only man ever to have done so. The rest of the lead mine slaves with I fear, stay there until they die—unless the hearts of the Russian rulers melt.

And I know how hard they can be. From the moment of my capture I knew there was little mercy to expect from them.

I had been parachuted with my company behind the Russian lines. My job was sabotage. We carried out a number of demolitions, withdrawing gradually towards our own lines.

BULLET

We were almost across them, indeed, when a Cosack unit attacked. I was hit in the mouth. A bullet lodged in my head. It is still there. I was taken prisoner and sent to Moscow.

After many months I recovered from my wound sufficiently to be able to walk. And my first outing was a march through the streets of Moscow. With 20,000 other German prisoners I was paraded through the streets of the capital for two days and two nights while the people screamed and spat and hurled filth at us.

His was a story no one believed. But the China Mail has checked on the man and his astounding claims. And now the story of Clemens Forell's 8,000-mile march can be presented as the real-life epic it is.

By Clemens Forell

Only when we were taken to the surface for brief spells would be a problem for the guards. But, even then, blinking in the blinding daylight, we would be in no condition to escape.

Yet escape was all I dreamed of. Ever since my capture I had told myself that I must, I would, get home. I had a burning belief in myself.

DOUBTS
But now, looking at those grey, weeping walls, the first terrible doubts wormed into my mind.

A Russian officer told us we would not have to work for a month, so that we could recover from our journey. But long before the month was up I collapsed—with dysentery. And that illness brought a flicker of hope.

They brought me to the surface, to the hospital, a two-story, wooden building. It had real beds, with straw mattresses.

The food was quite good. I was allowed water not only for drinking, but for washing, too. This was luxury.

And it was in the hospital that I met the man who made my escape possible.

I had been there a couple of weeks when he arrived—a German doctor, transferred from a prison camp at Tomsk, a little grey-faced man in his fifties.

As senior officer in the ward, I asked to see him. He reported the number of sick. He asked me my name. When I told him he frowned for a moment.

"A strange name," he said. "I studied at Tubingen University with a Forell."

"That might have been my brother, Ernst," I said. "He studied medicine there. He was killed during the war."

The doctor smiled. "Of course. Dr. Ernst Forell. By the way, my name is Stauffer.... Dr. Heinz Stauffer."

Dr. Stauffer brought me luck almost at once. That day the interpreter asked him to name two prisoners fit enough to make a tough, six weeks' sledge journey to collect blankets and medical supplies for the hospital.

I was one of the men he chose. They fitted us out with warm clothes, gave us a good meal and introduced us to the guard who was to go with us.

FLIGHT!

His name was Vassily. He was a huge, friendly fellow who treated us well while we were on the journey, but lapsed into brutality when we reached the supply depot and met other Russians two weeks later. He dared not show any mercy in public.

Once we were out of sight of the depot, he became amiable again. But by that time I had made up my mind. I was going to escape, even if it meant only a few days' freedom. I told Vassily this. As we sat in our tent one night, I said: "If ever I catch you zipping

was 60 yards away. I sprinted forward, like a fox through a pack of hounds.

The blows slashed down. I lurched and stumbled. They pushed me up and lashed my back and my neck and my head, kicking me, screaming at me. On, on through a haze of blood and pain. The iron crunched on my skull... and all was black.

A PAIN

I was lying on some canvas back in the mine when I woke up. I tried to move, but an agonising pain lanced my side. Gently I felt my body and my head and found I was swathed in paper bandages.

Dark shapes swirled around me. I focused on them and saw they were the prisoners, going to work. I called to one, a thin, lank fellow.

Slowly, reluctantly, he knelt over me. From him I learned of the Russians' devilish cunning.

When I did not return they cut the rations in the mine to a daily issue of thin barley gruel. Twice a day a security officer lectured them and told them they were being punished because of me.

DIRTY WORK

When the Russians heard I had been recaptured, they let the men gossip and talk about me, let their anger bubble to boiling point.

Then they left a ration of wooden cudgels, strands of cable and iron bars lying round the mine entrance. The weapons appeared overnight.

The cunning of it made me feel sick. My slave-drivers hadn't even bothered to punish me themselves. They had let my own fellow-countrymen do their dirty work for them.

After five days they put me to work with the others, though I was still weak and sore. Most of us hacked away at the walls, gouging out chunks of rubble with its vein of lead and, incidentally, building new caves for future prisoners.

Four men loaded the rubble into baskets. And 16 men dragged the baskets to the surface.

INCREDIBLE

I could hardly believe it. It seemed I wasn't going to be punished after all. And then I saw my fellow prisoners outside the mine.

Each man was armed. Some had strips of wood. Some had trousers belts. Some had lengths of wire cable. One had a curved piece of iron from a cart wheel. They were staring at me. And there was hate in their eyes.

"Parashov!" said the guard to me. "Quick march!" I gazed at those faces, twitching with fury. The mine shaft

For months I worked in the mine, coming up in the open air for an hour every day, then burrowing back again to sleep.

Slowly, inevitably, lead poisoning began to corrode my body. My teeth became loose. I lost my appetite even for the foul food. I sank into pits of black depression.

The scars of lead, indeed, are still with me. My face is grey. I am colour blind. I shall never get the lead of Cape East out of my system.

One by one the men collapsed, were carried to the hospital, patched up and sent back to the mine. We were like so many rotten leaves being raked over occasionally by Dr. Stauffer.

CARRIED OUT

After three summers it was my turn. They found me one morning, with a flaming temperature, unable to stand. They carried me out.

I did not know it at the time, but I learned later that Dr. Stauffer said: "Forell, you must get away from lead."

"Dr. Stauffer," I said, "I'm getting out. I mean to get home."

He seemed mildly surprised. "Out through the door at the end of the corridor, I suppose, then turn west and keep going until someone speaks to you in German."

His sarcasm made me furious—and even more determined. Now I knew he was deliberately goading me, sharpening my will to live, galvanising me into action.

For two days after that he avoided me. When I could stand it no longer, I sought him out in his room.

I ranted at him. I pleaded with him. I accused him of trying to stop me from escaping. I begged for his help.

And, when the tirade was over, he said quietly: "All right. What do you want to go?"

"Tomorrow!"

"I think we'd better make it the day after—Sunday. The guards are more careless on Sunday because they've got more vodka in them."

Next day, when I went into his room, he removed partitions for my own escape—a panel from the wall and took out a rucksack, no! because I'd never get home.

"It weighs about 38 pounds," he said. "You'll find a good deal of bread in there and a small quantity of fat. There is methylated spirit in tablet form of first and tobacco to trade."

"Don't lose this under box, because you'll be sunk without it. And here's money—900 roubles."

He paused for a moment. Then he went on: "I think you'd better say I died in March, 1950. That will make it sound a little less far-fetched. It will be getting on for spring and you can say the snows had almost melted."

"My wife is a Christian, Forell, so remember to say they put a cross on my grave...."

He paused for a moment. Then he went on: "I think you'd better say I died in March, 1950. That will make it sound a little less far-fetched. It will be getting on for spring and you can say the snows had almost melted."

"Forell," he said, "I'm dying of cancer. But you will not tell my wife that."

He jerked away from the subject. "You know that big stone about 100 yards away from the hospital?" he said quickly. "I'll take your luggage out to it myself tomorrow. Leave the building at nine punctually."

"I'll keep the guards in constant vigilance by the front entrance while you go out the back. Good luck...."

I never saw him again.

At nine o'clock on the night of Sunday, October 30, 1949, I opened the back door of the hospital and slipped out.

The rucksack was by the stone. And in the shoulder straps was Dr. Stauffer's parting gift—a pair of light Siberian skis.

I put them on and slithered through the snow until the hospital lights disappeared behind me. I was free. But all Siberia lay ahead of me.

NEXT WEEK:
The roindoor men find me. I'm attacked by wolves. I join up with three bandits and see two of them murdered.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



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"And here's one of Mummie and Dad taken the year Mummie decided they'd go to Paris instead of Eastbourne."

ARE OUR YOUNG CRIMINALS BEYOND ANY HOPE?

IT was Sunday Evening in St John's Wood and the Baxters were enjoying the crackling of the grate fire and the cackling of comedians on the television set in the morning room. No one else was in the house and, therefore, it was rather odd to hear a sharp knock on the morning room door. We were even more astonished when we found that the intruders were a husky policeman plus a plain clothes officer and a dark haired youth with teddy boy clothes.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the policeman, "but this here young fellow got on to the roof of the house next door and jumped across to your roof m'am."

It was all very cosy and congenial, so much so in fact that I felt we should offer refreshment at least to the uniformed policeman. "No thanks sir," he said. "Not on duty." A log in the grate fairly split its side and then calmed down.

"That house next door," he said, "is always being burgled." This seemed odd for it used to belong to the famous ex-Torontonian Miss Beatrice Lillie and I cannot imagine her taking in burglars like unpaid guests. But if the youth was on the roof of the house next door why and how did he get into the Baxter abode?

"Well, you see sir," said the constable, "they've been burgled so often in that house that the whole place is full of burglar alarms. So this young fellow got frightened by the alarms and jumped across from their roof to yours." With an air of official dignity he added: "From your roof m'am he made an illegal entry into your house."

"He seems harmless enough," said my wife.

★ ★ ★

"Perhaps," said the officer of the law, "but like a look at the law, whereupon he handed a thin rubber covered 'cosh.' "It doesn't look much," he said, "but one crack with that and you don't know what day it is." Feeling that he had probably said enough on the subject the constable took the youth by the arm, and we escorted them safely to the street.

"Apologise to the lady," said the policeman. The wretched boy turned to my wife and then with downcast eyes said: "Sorry you've been troubled." Thus was decorum maintained to the very end. But there was an epilogue. "I'll let you know when his case comes up," said the constable. And thus did St John's Wood return to silence and respectability.

So in a few days time my wife and I went at eleven o'clock in the morning to see justice administered. But there were many cases first to be heard and we settled down to study the tragic-comedy of a trouble.

"Yes sir."

"You were in some kind of a trouble?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you want to tell me what it was?"

and understanding. First he took the drinks.

The morning after the night before has always been a harsh experience even without the interference of the law, but to wake up in "jug" and face a crowded court is enough to make one banish John Barleycorn for life.

In the box is a blousy female who has slept off her drunkenness in the cells. The charge is read, the policeman gives the woman if she had had too much to drink.

"I'm a respectable woman," she says.

"Then why did you get drunk last night?" asks the magistrate. "According to the evidence you screamed and tried to hit someone with an umbrella. When the constable took you under arrest you are reported to have said 'I'll get you for this, you pie-faced slob!'"

★ ★ ★

The magistrate turns to the broad-headed constable in the witness box. "Did she use those words in your presence?" The policeman straightens up and declares: "She used worse words than that, your honour, but I did not like to put them on record."

"Yes, yes," says the magistrate. "No doubt we can imagine what the accused said." Then turning to the woman he announces the size of the fine and adds: "This was your first offence and I have let you off lightly. I may not be so lenient if you come here again."

But the drunks are only the dreary hang-over in the morning's proceedings before the more serious cases are reached. Here is a nice looking young fellow who coughed a forged Saving Certificate for £5. There is no question of alcohol, nor is there even the partial excuse of harsh necessity. Any normal parents would be proud to have a son of his appearance. The magistrate who has to deal alike with thugs and lads looks at the young fellow in the box as if to break down the barrier between the boy and himself.

★ ★ ★

"You knew you were committing a very serious crime?"

"Yes sir."

"You were in some kind of a trouble?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you want to tell me what it was?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you want to tell me what it was?"

"Yes sir."

SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER PROBES FOR THE CAUSE OF TODAY'S MOST SHOCKING PROBLEM — JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

The boy looks down and his lips tremble. Then pulling himself together he answers: "I don't want to say, anything except that I'm sorry."

So the mills of petty crime grind on. Harlots, cheats and drunks with a fresh supply each day. The very lies that are told become in some queer way a form of truth. But the police court does not deal merely with the ramifications of petty delinquency and drunkenness. Soon we were to be regaled with the case of two young men, of splendid height and peroxide hair complete with Victorian side-boards and semi-sporting jackets and drain-pipe trousers.

The charge read against them was the serious one of robbery with attempted violence which was probably why they look so pleased with themselves. They were big shots and they looked under their breath until the magistrate brought them up with a jerk. Broad shouldered and slim of waist, they looked like a pair of perverted Tristrams. Not for them the boredom of office or factory work. They were for easy money even if it meant blackmail, violence or a long term of prison.

Yet there must have been a time when as little boys they gave joy to their parents. Tall and crudely handsome they would make any parents proud if only their insatiable vanity and dislike for honest work and had not eaten at their vitals. Not for them the blood and sweat and tears of high endeavour. Even under arrest the police court was to them a theatre in which momentarily they were the stars. By nature I do not dislike easily but when conceit links up with crime and when honest work is regarded as a mug's game then it is difficult to feel pity or even to hope that the sentence will not be too harsh.

★ ★ ★

By contrast one felt nothing but compassion for a youthful coloured Jamaican who, with a gang of toughs, had stolen a lorry. Because Britain is the mother country Colonial subjects can land in the United Kingdom without any money beyond a few shillings and go at once on relief and enjoy the full benefits under the Welfare State. Now that the Caribbean Federation has come into being the law may be altered but let me put on record that the Jamaicans especially have usually proved good workers and good citizens. The problem of black and white with all its inherent prejudice still remains but on the whole our coloured kinsmen in Britain have settled down even though they long for the sun that keeps in hiding beyond the English clouds.

Moved by a natural curiosity of self-expression, to perverted as to the adjourned fate of my youths who long for the colour of a youthful burglar I attended the trial and dream of becoming a big

shot in the underworld. It may even be that gangster films have demonstrated that it is easy to be a big shot if you are tough enough, or perhaps it is partly the aftermath of the war when as small boys they saw the horror and excitement of the Blitz.

Whatever be the cause, and it is by no means confined to the United Kingdom, there is a malaise of youth in America and Britain which has found expression in the teddy boys and the walling epileptic rhythm of hollow tired hit parade songs emerging from youthful throats. It may be that the cinema and television must accept some responsibility. It may well be that the influence of the home is being weakened by the impact of so many mass medium factors.

★ ★ ★

I know that in this London Letter I have dealt with the problem of youthful crime and ignored the vast normality of countless homes but the sickle should turn his mind to the malaise which for one reason or another is stirring up the latent sodden vanity of young men who find the battle of competitive existence too exciting and too unexciting for their taste.

But they did smile good-bye to their girl friend in the court, a young woman with bright blue eye lids, like a lizard with dirty tails and black rooted peroxide hair.

Yet there was one moment of real Dickensian humour. A woman charged with stealing a wireless set was asked where she got it, and the following dialogue ensued.

Woman: It was under a tree millard.
Magistrate: Under a tree?
Woman: Yes millard.
Magistrate: You mean growing like a mushroom?

★ ★ ★

Thus ends my story. Like Tolstoy I ventured into the realm of crime and punishment and it is good to breathe the free air of the outside world again.

★ ★ ★

But behind the cash-carrying youth who was our unwitting Sunday evening guest, and behind the brutalised blond gangsters in the gunning question of what makes them turn to crime. There is good pay to be earned by some young men of muscle and reasonable intelligence if they are willing to work. Even with their slumming and lack of moral responsibility they must know that once the police had them in their hands they are marked men with no chance of eluding the law.

It may be that crime is a form of self-expression, to perverted as to the adjourned fate of my youths who long for the colour of a youthful burglar I attended the trial and dream of becoming a big

Getting Away From It All — And Here's How

A new prestige name is appearing in the tourist agencies' booking lists. It is IBIZA, the Mediterranean island which history passed by for 800 years... but which is catching up fast in tourist popularity.

I HAVE just returned by boat and plane from the distant past. From an island where thousands of women dress each day in the spring modes of 1358; where unpaved tracks trod by the Moors still serve as main roads; where even the dogs are a breed which survives elsewhere only in the paintings inside the tombs of the Pharaohs.

I have been in the Spanish island of Ibiza in the Mediterranean.

Let me explain what I went to find out.

Centuries before I went to Ibiza, the Phoenicians went there too, and after them the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Moors. But until the last two or three seasons the British holiday-maker did not go at all.

While the big hotels were springing up all over neighbouring Majorca, Ibiza lingered quietly in the past.

But suddenly all that has changed. Suddenly Ibiza has become the new prestige word when holiday tales are swapped. Prince Rainier hove to there for his honeymoon. Last year the Windsors went there. Everywhere the agencies are putting Ibiza on their books.

The question

What difference has it made? That was the question in my mind as I leaned over the boat-rail watching the strange pink-and-orange cliffs of Ibiza growing nearer in the warm evening sun.

Then the cliffs ended and we churned slowly into the harbour of the island's capital, Ibiza itself.

In the picture postcards the town looks like a fantastic Hollywood set for a film of the Arabian Nights.

From the boat I watched the gleaming white terraces of Moorish houses twisting steeply up to the old fortifications, to the Moorish-style cathedral.

I watched the slanting sails of the dhows. Then I noticed that a crowd was rapidly forming on the quay. In Palma or Naples it would have been a crowd of porters, hawkers, hotel-loups.

The only road

Soon I was in an hotel car rattling out through the streets and fields of the Middle Ages.

We were on our way to San Antonio, 10 miles away on the opposite coast of the island. From the back-seat I craned my neck to watch the countrywomen in their big lid-like straw hats and fringed shawls. The driver said: "This verba important road: moderno."

It didn't look particularly modern to me. But later I found that, apart from a single mile stretch elsewhere, it was

the only made-up road in the island.

Beyond the groves jagged brown hills rose. Then the sea was a great bay of the Visitation type opened in front of us. We had arrived in San Antonio, the chief tourist centre.

Five years ago the visitor looking for an hotel or pension in San Antonio had a choice of exactly two. Now the total is 20. My hotel—one of the newest and best—was on the edge of the sands. For room, with private bath, and full meals I was charged 12s. 6d. per day. But it is possible to get good, clean pension or boarding-house accommodation—again with all meals—at 10s. a day at any town in the island.

The sands? At San Antonio they are quite so wide and glistening as the guide-books say. Near one noted beach a new luxury hotel is opening this month. But the beach is so small that I imagine it could look like Worthing at Bank Holiday when the hotel gets going.

Negligible

You can take out a boat at negligible cost. You can swim with goggles and snorkel in the bath-clear waters. You even have the chance of fishing up a Roman jug from the sands.

Last year Natchos took the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to eat fried lobster in Juanito's open-air courtyard. We will get a dinner there complete with wine at work-canteen prices.

For bathing we will walk along cart-tracks to a little grocer's store on the long white beach called Es Cola. Having tired of brandy at 3d. a lot we will drink Hierbas—the strong local liqueur which has almost a bush of herbs stuffed into every bottle. Then we will change among the sacks in the storeroom.

Glorious...

The children will love it. They will love the baby goats in the fields and the point-eared dogs (brought to Ibiza by the Phoenicians). The weather—I know this from the records—will be glorious.

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With their naked hands...

'For me one of the most fantastic spectacles on a long road of travel'

from
**FREDERICK
ELLIS**

TODAY I turned the clock back thousands of years, and I saw the Pyramids of Egypt being built, aye, even the very Great Wall of China itself, created 2,000 years ago to keep out the Mongolian invader.

These great wonders of the Old World are yet again being carved out of the arid earth of China, with the same prehistoric tools of man-hands and human energy.

Forty miles from Peking, the walled city that is once more the capital of China, they are building a reservoir in the shadows of the Ming tombs.

They are the people, 60,000 of them at any one time. From Government offices, the professions, the factories, students, and people of all walks volunteer to do a stint.

ANT HILL

EVEN the army volunteers to go out on the job. I suspected that for them all, soldiers and civilians alike, it was the old army method of volunteering—"You, you, and you." This, however, is genuine volunteering, and there is even a waiting list. Getting the volunteers to the reservoir is chicken feed to a nation that can organise 500,000 into a split-second May Day parade. Today I stood on the perimeter of the great reservoir, ringed by a chain of Box Hills.

It was like slicing the top off an ant hill, but here it



Tearing away with their bare hands at the hillside... their method the one that built the Pyramids

was humanity that was scurrying about like ants. This huge reservoir is really being made by hand, for the primitive tools they use have come down through China's ages. A million tons of earth and rock are being moved in baskets no bigger than British housewives take shopping along High Street.

FERVOUR

ON the edge of the vast valley I watched an ever-moving chain of human ants—

man, women, down to teenage boys and girls—take away the rubble, a brace of baskets suspended on a pole similar to the one used by the traditional milkmaid. What machinery there is looks pathetically inadequate for this enormous civil engineering undertaking. It was a terrifying spectacle, and as I stood I remembered the forced labour battalions of Hitler's Germany.

Here there was a difference. These Chinese were working with a fervour and enthusiasm I have seldom seen equalled other than by the University boat crews on the trip from Putney to Mortlake.

A EXAMPLE

THEY work in three eight-hour shifts round the clock, round the week, a never-ending, seven-day physical slog, toiling under floodlights at night.

In the blazing sunshine, with the temperature nearing 80 deg., they toiled as the ancient Egyptians building the Pyramids must have toiled. Yet it is happening now, even as you read this.

It was a genuine enthusiasm of the people for Communism. Make no mistake about that. It was a living example of the way the regime has captured the imagination of the people, harnessed and mobilised the nation's mind.

The volunteers pour out of the city of Peking for a fortnight at a time, and the workers eagerly scan the lists to see if their turn has come.

LEAPING

IT is an ever-changing river of humanity that tears down the rocky range of hills. It also forms part of the Government's "corrective" policy, that city dwellers should reclaim the soil is the real heart of China. They do not get paid for the fortnight's "holiday" with work, but they draw their normal wages in Peking. Split into groups, they live in a canvas city which looks like the army bivouacking on Salisbury Plain. Food is supplied, but they cook it themselves.

Because of the unpaid labour force the cost of the project will now be a fifth of the original estimate.

China's slogan now is "The Great Leap Forward." At the Ming Reservoir they are certainly leaping forward.



HONGKONG SHORT STORY:

End Of A Long, Long Trail

"There Was Certainly Something

About Her... I Flashed A

Warm Welcome To Emily..."

away, holding a straight and steady course.

Now a cruder type might have gone into an all-out action on Susie as from then, but I decided not to rush things, to use a little finesse. So, although I agreed to take her to the ship's rail to watch the phosphorescence, etcetera, I really meant to show her that my mind was on higher things. I'd recited "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" (with gestures), and was just about to pull out all the stops and give her "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright" when she took her head off my shoulder and moaned, "Oh, Johnny, I do admire intellect so, but there is a time and a place—"

She looked so lovely and mysterious and appealing, framed in that big chevron of a moon, and she was so right about the time and the place that I didn't hesitate for a moment but took her straight down to Mother. I thought she looked at me a little strangely as I fixed up a game of shuffleboard with her for the next morning, but I was too reckless to worry whether I was setting too hot a pace.

However, Fate and the weather-man had other ideas. It was pouring down the next morning, so we sat and played chess at the lounge under the eagle eye of Mother who knitted away ferociously at a bright red stole. No man could have been happier than little Johnny, Susie smiled warmly at me; Mother, in her ebony black daytime wig, rattled her needles like a tin-tin salute; and I, with an artist's appreciation, revelled in the splash of colour we made there—Susie with her red hair, green eyes, royal blue slacks and canary sweater; me in my emerald green shirt and turtleneck; and Mother in a purple and white striped stole like a pool of blood. It was a moment to remember.

A fleeting moment, because, just as I was about to begin a subtle glimmer movement on Susie's queen, I felt a presence. It was Mother Peters the Purser. Sounds like Happy Families, doesn't it? Well, so it was, until she stood there, a shade too handsome, too broad-shouldered, too slim-waisted, too sleek, too tanned, too tall, too fit-looking, in fact, too-too. But I wasn't disturbed for long. I had a quiet dignity and a quick

sympathy which far outweighed mere physical charm. So I smiled quietly to myself as he set to work on Susie. These callow youngsters—they never learn. Susie seemed to respond alright, but I knew she was merely being polite. However, when she bounded to her feet with a laughing "Why, I'd love to see your sports trophies, Mark," I thought this was a bit much, but by the time I'd worked up an acid stomach they'd gone.

The Scottie Cindy Saved Makes History

London.
NICKY, an 11-year-old Scottie given six months to live, has made canine medical history by recovering.

Nicky, owned by Miss Maureen Crossley, of Daisy Bank Cottage, Warran, Hants, had a deadly blood disease.

A vet thought a blood transfusion was the only hope to save him. Up went a public notice asking dog owners to give their pet's blood.

Out of hundreds of volunteers, Cindy, a six-month-old mongrel stray, was chosen.

Nicky was given nearly a quarter of a pint of new blood. That was six months ago.

And last week Miss Crossley said: "He is just like a puppy again. I heard him bark for the first time ever in March. And he can walk normally at last."

Said the vet at Fareham: "I have been staggered by Nicky's recovery. He is now a remarkably fit and happy little dog. We can hope that his span of life may even exceed the normal. The blood transfusion began the business of putting him on his feet."

And, because of Nicky, it has also been discovered that the drug cortisone "appears to work with the disease."

The Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons and the vet have followed Nicky's case. Because of its importance to other dogs, Miss Crossley has not been asked to pay for Nicky's treatment.

crooned. "There's Mr. Peters—I've got you, but she continued, somewhat hesitantly, "I've got you, and he's eligible physically and mentally and financially for Susie." I smiled bravely. This was destiny. Through the mist, as it were, I heard the words, "President, Ladies' Club, saying, "And No. 2 is for you, I think." "For me?" I squeaked. She smiled, and, like a conjurer, produced from her monstrous handbag a pale pink filing card with a doctored-looking heart crest.

"This is the woman for you," she announced in her nonsense voice. "Emily Phillips—I've vetted her, too, I'd only time to read the file. Occupation, Spinster. Peculiarities: Nil" when Mother Lucy grabbed my arm and hissed, "You're in luck, here she is!"

I looked up, startled, and saw a most horrible sight absolutely filling the wide entrance to the lounge. This woman—of I may coin a word—was a little pear-shaped, pin-nosed, head, nonexistent pectorals, and a stupendous girth. Her statistics were not so much vital as glacial. She was, as put it, little, grotesque. I must have glanced down the filing card, full-sail forward, because Mrs. Spink growled, "Read Section 12, you fool!" and automatically I glanced down the filing card. Section 12 stated, with heavenly brevity, "Income and/or Prospects: £5,000 p.a. plus £20,000 at 35." My eyebrows raised themselves. "Only six months to go, young fellow," said Mother, and greeted Emily warmly in the next breath. I felt a sudden lifting of a heavy weight of years and fears. I was no longer chained and bowed. I was—let's be poetic—tameless and swift and proud. And there, too, to make the moment supreme, was that glowing pair, Susie and Mark, blue-irised. Strikingly, perfectly matched. I switched to dear Emily, and studied her as passionately as my emotions would allow. She looked sturdy and reasonable. Affectionate and capable. With a good pelvis and rather striking eyebrows. In fact, I mused, there was certainly something about her. I smiled affectionately at the young lady, winked approvingly at my Lady President, and flashed a warm welcome to Emily. This, I was sure, was the end of the long, long trail.

**By George
Ramage**

★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

VERONICA PAPWORTH'S MID-ATLANTIC CABLE

It's Just Like
A Film At The
Purser's TableAND THE STAR IS DIZZY
ETHEL WHO SENT HER
DOG TO A DOG COLLEGE

ABOARD the Britannic, NO telephones, no telly, no "personalities," no noise—it's a negative list for positive bliss in my case.

Picture all this nothingness in the old Britannic and it probably won't surprise you to know that my friends have been making round eyes for weeks and crying: "But why don't you FLY?"

I used to have eavesdroppers worked out to a nifty: "Not on the same plane—because of the children, you know." "So much for all this time of the year, isn't there?" "If it weren't for my defective car drum."

Now I come right out into the open and answer: "Because I'm scared STEEP." And I can't think why.

Statistics don't help—I know how safe it is. But just let me set foot on the runway and my insides are on the boil—my mind racing towards disaster.

My past life rushes before my eyes—always the duller bits too.

Have I paid the butcher's bill? If I don't come back will "they" give him his £14 15s. 4d.?

What have such characters as Eva Bartok and Norah Docker got that I have not got? Eva flies out (in backless dress, pot hat, and slippers) looking as if she were just dashing round the corner to buy the baby a bib.

Norah returns (in white without a crease in it) looking as if she had just left the hairdresser's.

I'm yelling inside

★ Met What with listening for a changing note in the engine, watching the propellers, and keeping one eye open for any sharp mountain peaks that might loom up I arrive a nervous wreck.

Add to these agonies that fearful moment when the captain comes round to chat: "Do hope you are having a good flight."

"Get back. Get back. Who's watching the dial?" I'm yelling inside me as I rustle up a watery grin.

Other people are so nonchalant as mid-air.

I've watched Richard Dimbleby lying back with his shoes loose (unfastened—talking, naturally).....Charlie Chaplin writing letters....Eckberg sleeping.

Not me.

I'll take the sea any day.

Here, in this beautiful blue nothingness, we laze—looking, if only Dick Bogarde were with us, exactly like the cast of *Doctor at Sea*.

As for the "ancient" Britannic—she is a perch of a ship. Not plushy like some of the Italian boats, but "cosy."

Gently she rolls, like an elderly porpoise, and in this little world of 1,200 souls on our way to New York we form friendships to last a week....or a lifetime.

Dizzy

★ As the purser's table the feeling that I am taking my part in a Technicolor film persists. The purser is Jack Hawkins, with a little more grey above the ears.

Then there is Ethel, a deliciously dizzy American; Tom from Yale; Andy, the Biscuit King; a bearded surgeon who could stand in for James Robertson Justice; and myself. We are a cast. All we lack is a Brigitte Bardot.

We lie in the sun. We laugh and do nothing—making firm resolutions to swim, walk the docks or indulge in violent syndicates tomorrow.

Dancing at an angle of 25 degrees is exercise enough for me.

Ethel is my darling. She is in her way to her daughter's wedding—she kids both have a couple more years at school, but they figure it'll be cheaper for them boarding out.

She is gay, well-informed, yet absolutely sane. I delight in the thought of an American peeped with *British*. She has been telling me how her people went to college—*British* colleges, dear, naturally.

I have him a six weeks' course. Do you know when I went back for that dawg, he wasn't improved in any?

A KEEP-COOL
SUIT FOR
SUMMER DAYS

It's so "easy," so cool, and so pretty to wear—this Moya-gashel suit in pastel linen. The facings are of dotted Taiho and there is a brief matching blouse. You can buy it complete for seven guineas.

"You want to shout at him, they told me."

"Finally they suggested I get him psycho-analysed."

"And did you, Ethel?"

"Aw, no," said she, with a grin. "I just gave him a little behind a good belting. That straightened him out fine."

Yale tales

★ I've been introduced to Yale tales—stories with a kind of hanging humour in them, such as Yorkshire folk love. I give you a sample.

"Dad, why is little brother running around in circles?"

"Quite grumbling, will ya, or I'll nail his other foot to the floor."

"Either it ails you or it leaves you cold," says Tom.

The Biscuit King has told me all about golf.

"It's not a game—it's a whole philosophy. They say cleanliness is next to godliness. I'd put golf next. You've got to have a grip of yourself, you've got to know when to apply power—but controlled power. Oh, I could go on about it for hours."

He does. Our little world includes 40 surgeons all travelling to Conference in Washington. Was there ever such a profession for talking shop? Sitting with my ears pinned well back, I've learned so much—I figure I'll know how to saw a woman in half and sew her together again by the time we dock.

And I've been talking to some of the homing American couples.

I took drinks with a couple last night—both of them well into their sixties. I judged, and both as excited as a couple of kids at all they have seen. What asses we are to laugh at the coach loads "taking in"—as they told me they had taken in "the Shakespeare country, Windsor, Castle and Oxford College" in one day.

Would we?

★ At least, they've seen it—having saved hard for it. If only we could do the same thing in reverse. But would we?

My guess is that most Dads would rather go fishing or sailing.

I asked "Pop" if it had been his idea of a perfect holiday.

"It was for Momma," he told me. "Not, mind you, that I didn't enjoy it. But for years I've told her: 'One day, Momma, we'll go!'"

"I guess she's seen practically everything cultural there was to be seen."

"Momma's a whale for culture. Paintings, ruins, sculpture—we've viewed the lot."

"I've worn out two pairs of thin soled shoes and got myself a stiff neck—but she's happy? I'm off to a 'woman's country' all right."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If your kitchen strainer is rusted, it's time to throw it out. Strainer wire that is thinly coated with tin will wear through and rust, so it pays to buy quality in this, as in other kitchen equipment.

The instruction booklet for any major appliance should be kept attached to it, near it or in a place reserved for several such instruction pamphlets.

If you have lost one, a new one can usually be obtained by writing to the manufacturer.

A twill weave in a material will drape better than a yale weave. Twill weaves can be identified by the diagonal lines.

PARTY PIECES



FOR summer parties or week-end cocktails, make yourself a Paris ribbon frippery. They are also pretty with cotton frocks.

Easy to contrive yourself. Cheap, too. And you can match them with each dress. French girls love these party pieces that give a dressy look, yet leave their hairstyles gleaming and unruffled.

★ ★ ★

Rix has sketched four ideas, all using ribbon. For the teenager, who wants to keep her fringe out of her eyes, there is the forehead band, passed under the hair at the back and tied in a rosette bow at one side. It takes a yard of satin or silk flowered ribbon and if your face is small you can have a bow at each side.

The more sophisticated girl, with good features, can wear a broad Alice band of velvet ribbon, pinned with a brooch or a flower. In the centre sketches you see how effective it is either with a fringe or a swept-back hairstyle.

This band takes half a yard of ribbon and has a small insert of elastic under the hair to give it a firm grip.

Glamorous touch for cocktail parties can be achieved by attaching a brief matching eye veil under the band.

★ ★ ★

Large tailored bows of nylon or taffeta are charming pinned on a fringe. Set it sideways as in sketch on the right, attached to a curly-grip, or wear it straight across the head just above a wispy fringe.

—(London Express Service)

THE CRACKER LINE



NOW there is a chance of fine weather we are all looking for a dress to suit that Saturday night party.

It must be fashion-conscious, in tune with the new mood, cool to wear, pretty to look at and budget-priced to suit a slim, young purse.

Here are two Summer Stairs in the £5 price range.

For the short girl, a cracker-line dress in salt-white pique, sparkled with gold, trimmed with three large rosettes. Price £4 14s. 6d.

Her taller companion wears a flower-print shantung "cocoon" dress, with a dramatic draped back. In green, yellow and brown floral print, it costs 5 guineas.

—(London Express Service)

Doctors Debunk A
Few Food Fallacies

by ANNE GLIDEWELL

WHAT every woman should know—about food—is due to hit the grocery counters in booklet form next week.

"More Fun with Your Food" is a book put out by the British Medical Association in which a group of doctors debunk all the popular fallacies about diet.

The medical profession is so worried about the bad effect lack of variety in British diets is having on the health of the country that the B.M.A. has spent £80,000 having 3,000,000 copies of this book printed.

In it, nutrition experts mix a host of out-of-the-rut recipes with some sharp, pithy medical comments on common food misconceptions. Some extracts:—

ample. So long as they take enough of these things they will be having as good a diet as the meat eaters. The situation is different, however, for those who eat no animal products whatever. Such people, who are called Vegans, are usually having an inadequate diet.

Slimming & Fattening

● THERE are no such things as slimming foods or fattening foods. What matters in losing or gaining weight is whether you eat fewer calories than you use, or more than you use. Eat too few and you lose weight. Eat more and you put it on. So from this point of view what matters is how much food you eat rather than what food you eat. Usually, if you want to lose weight, you must cut down on carbohydrates. So you can say that, on the whole, foods which contain little or no carbohydrates are slimming, and foods rich in carbohydrates—which means starches and sugars—are more likely to be fattening. But they have the fattening effect only if you eat too much and much too often.

Sugar

● MANY people believe that coronary disease is caused by eating too much fat, or too much animal fat, for example, butter, eggs, meat. Or too much butter-fat from milk, butter, or cheese. Or too much "hardened" fats—margarine and some of the cooking fats. Contrariwise, they believe that eating vegetable fat is protective and lessens the chances of coronary disease. But it cannot be shown by comparing statistics in different countries that too much fat equals more coronary disease. There are too many exceptions. So do not let any theories about coronary disease spoil your enjoyment of your meals. Enjoy all the fats—in moderation.

● THERE is a peculiar notion that the mucky stuff which is refined sugar is in some way highly nutritious. It is true that it has a trace of some things like iron and a vitamin or two. The amounts, however, are vanishingly small, and you could not possibly get any worthwhile quantity unless you ate ridiculously large quantities of unrefined sugar.

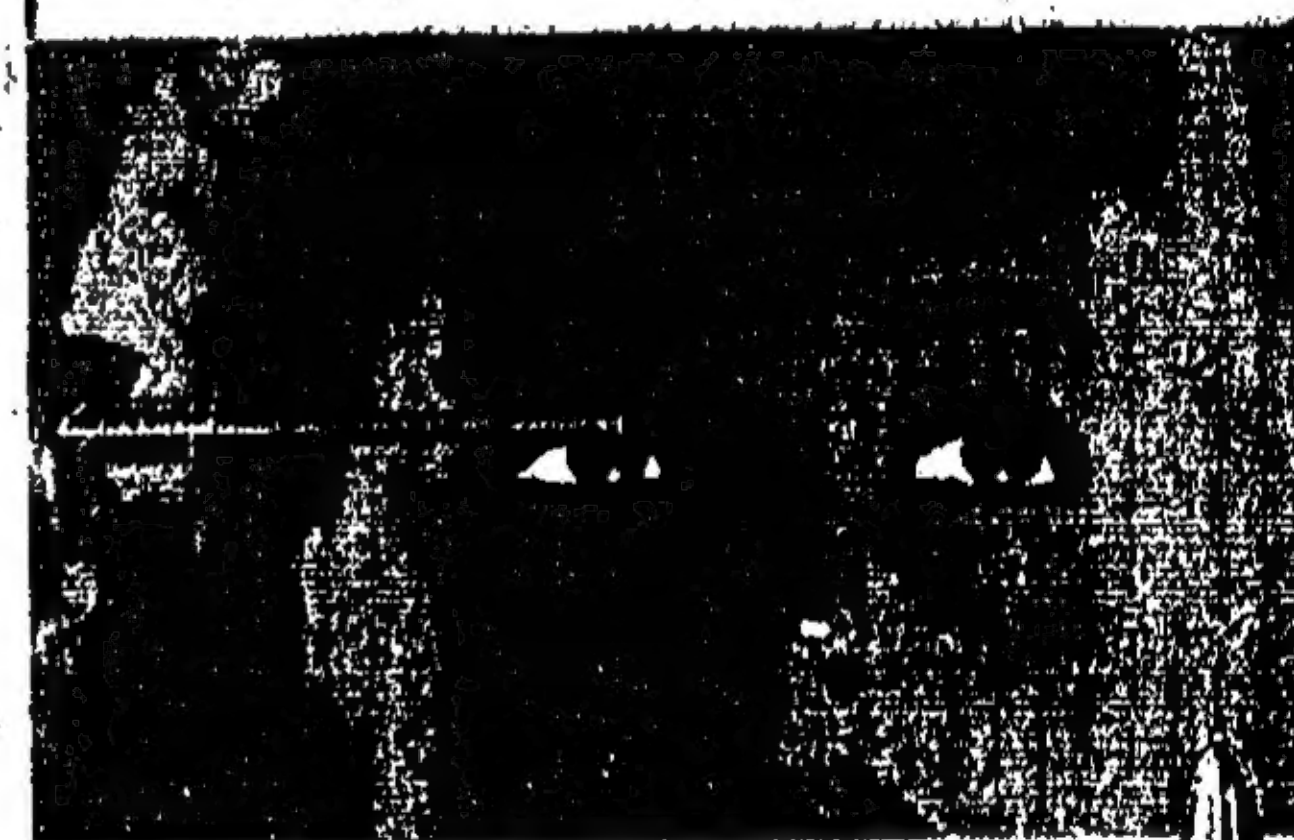
Vegetarians

Take It Easy

● A PROPER vegetarian diet can be just as good as one containing meat. Most vegetarians in this country are really lacto-vegetarians. They take milk and milk products such as cheese. Often they also eat eggs. Here the nutritional answer is

● HAVING at least a few minutes' rest after meals is certainly one way of making digestive troubles less likely. If you cannot spare 15 minutes to take things easy after the main meal, you have twice a day, yours is a badly ordered life.

The first brushless mascara!

Helena Rubinstein
Mascara-Matic

curls, colours, waterproofs lashes!

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MRS Joy Bury (right), dancing examiner of the London panel of examiners of the Royal Academy of Dancing, shows six youthful students how it's done during an open-class session at the Carol Bateman School for Dancing.



THE Whitsun weekend this year coincided with the birthday of Buddha and of Tam Kung, ancient hero of Hongkong fishermen. Encouraged by the sunshine and cloudless skies, thousands thronged to the beaches and other pleasure resorts in the Colony. Whether swimming, rowing, or just basking in the sun, the crowds—at Laichikok (above) for example—escaped for a while the near 90-degree heat in town.



THE Hongkong Special Constabulary Band, led by Irineo "Dixie" Dixon, gave a public concert at Victoria Park on Monday.

★ ★
AFTERMATH of the tragic traffic accident at Waterloo Road, Kowloon, recently. The coffins of three British Army Officers who were killed are carried to their final resting places in the Colonial Cemetery.



IT was fiesta time at the Correspondents' Club this week when the Colony's Jaycees took over the premises to stage a gay and colourful "Latin American Night." Several popular nightclub entertainers added their talents to the evening's fun. Pretty Lita Sorelo (above) received thunderous applause when she sang to the accompaniment of Celso Carrillo at the piano.



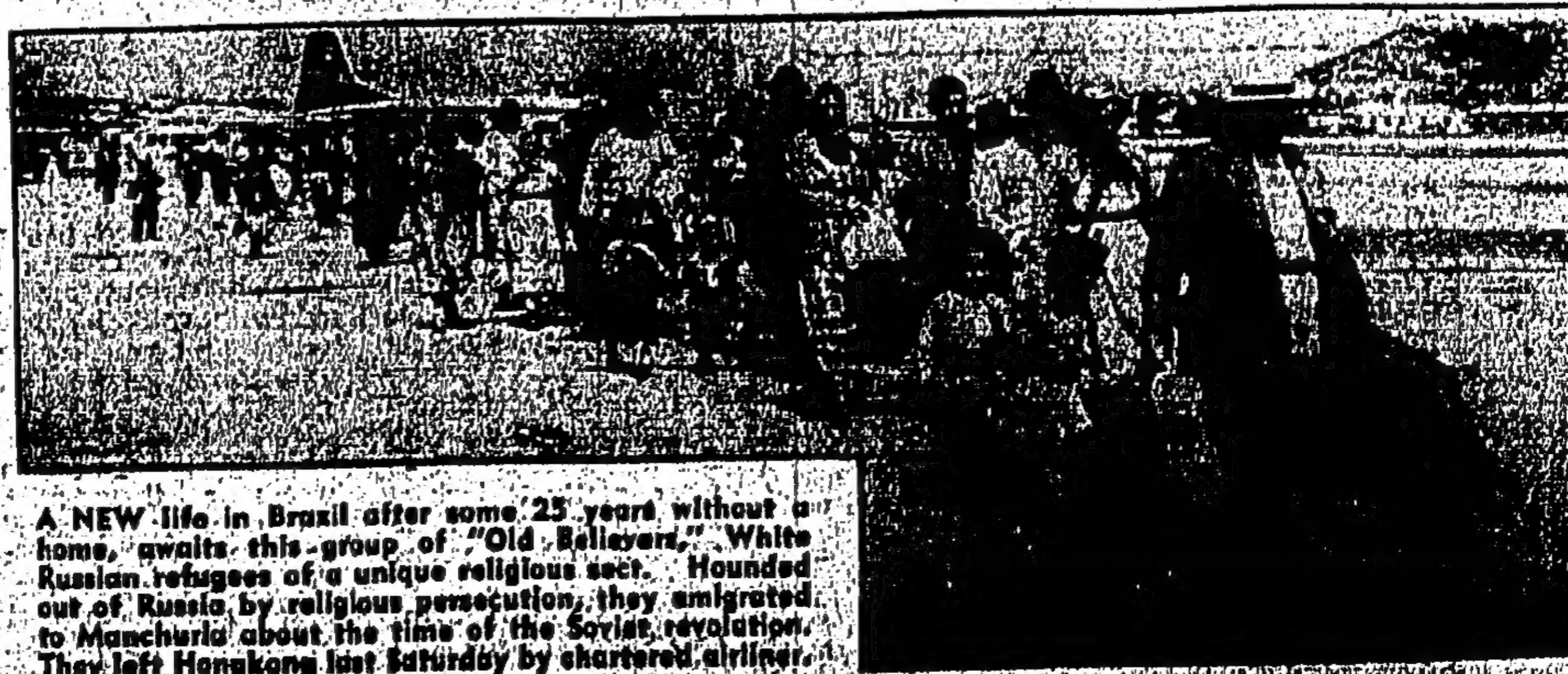
THE Prime Minister of Malaya, Tunku Abdul Rahman, meets the Press shortly after his arrival at Kai Tak airport this week. The Tunku, who earlier attended the opening of the Asian Games in Tokyo, spent a week in Hongkong when he met many Malayan residents at various social functions.

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A NEW life in Brazil after some 25 years without a home, awaits this group of "Old Believers," White Russian refugees of a unique religious sect. Hounded out of Russia by religious persecution, they emigrated to Manchuria about the time of the Soviet revolution. They left Hongkong last Saturday by chartered airliner.

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GILMANS



MRS N. Lee (right) presents a souvenir of Hongkong to Mrs Habsjah, wife of Tunku Maimoon Habsjah, Indonesian Consul-General, during a farewell cocktail party at the Indonesian Club. The envoy is leaving the Colony for re-assignment on June 10.

CAPT. Arthur Pateman (left), driver of the winning car at the Macao Grand Prix last year, receives a golden pin from Mr W.M. Sulke, manager of Zung Fu Co., agents for Mercedes-Benz cars.

WREN Petty Officer Frances Brown is given a souvenir of the Colony during a party at the Volunteers' Centre last week. She leaves Hongkong on June 6 and hopes to settle down in London.

MR S.E. Bux receives a farewell memento from Mr H.M. Sperry, manager of the First National City Bank of New York during a party in his honour. Mr Bux is returning to Malaya after 36 years service with the Bank. —Ming Yuan.

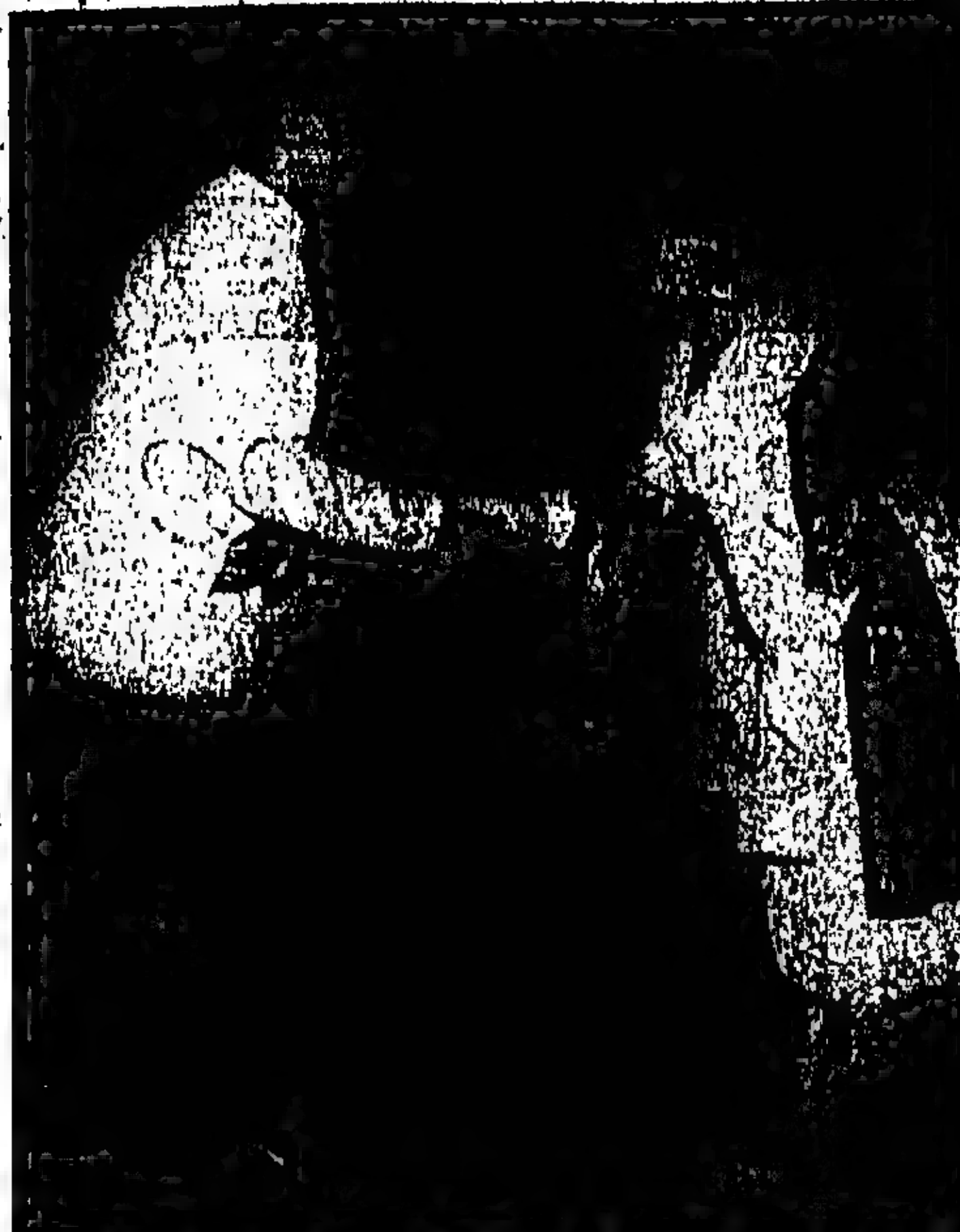


ABOVE: MRS Y. L. Ip, Y.W.C.A. board member chats with one of the children in the Faith-Hope Nursery, Homantin, during a tour of children's centres with her colleagues last week.

ABOVE RIGHT: MRS Harry Odell welcomes His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, to the concert by world famous pianist Benno Moiseiwitsch at the Luke Yew Hall, Hongkong University.

THE christening of Nicholas John Holt, infant son of Mr and Mrs E. Holt, took place at St Andrew's Church last week. Picture shows, from left: Mr A. Robble, Mr E. W. Snell and Mrs Snell (god-parents) and Mr and Mrs Holt.

MAJOR Geoffrey Douglas Gill and his bride, the former Miss Mabel Dorothy Cochran, receive the congratulations of the Very Rev. F. S. Temple and Mrs Temple during their wedding reception at Flagstaff House on Wednesday. The wedding, one of the year's most colourful, was attended by many prominent person alities among whom were Miss Barbara Black, daughter of His Excellency the Governor. In the centre is Lt-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan, who gave the bride away.



LADY Black chats with one of the inmates during her visit to the Home for the Aged at Ngauchwan earlier this week.



THE Commander-in-Chief of the Far East Air Force, Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon (left), is greeted by Mrs Holder, wife of Air Commodore P. D. Holder (centre), shortly after his arrival in the Colony on Tuesday.

"DR SATAN," alias Mr Osmond McGill, hypnotises night club entertainer Dinah "The Body" Reed during a demonstration to the Press last Friday. He is the star of the show "Shrieks In The Night."



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MR and Mrs Benedict Kar, shortly after their wedding at the Church of St Francis of Assisi. The bride is the former Miss Dora Au.

EMERGING after the marriage ceremony at the Catholic Cathedral last Saturday, are Mr and Mrs John Chao Yiu-tong. The bride was formerly Miss Regina Chao Yau-po.

MR Francis Fung and his bride, the former Miss Eleanor Tong, pose outside the Catholic Cathedral after their wedding last week. A reception was held later at the Gloucester Hotel.

PICTURES BY CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS

The Restaurant in Kowloon



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★ ★ ★

Recipes

By Alice Denhoff

COLESLAW is one of our most popular salads and side dishes. You'll find it on the tables of small village inns and roadside diners but in luxurious dining rooms and exclusive club restaurants as well.

However, this most universal of cabbage salads isn't always properly prepared. So here are two wonderful recipes, one made with a simple dressing, the other with a rich sour cream dressing, that has many uses.

Remove Wilted Leaves

Remove wilted leaves from a head of cabbage, then cut in fine shreds. This is important. Carelessly sliced cabbage will never make really good coleslaw.

Soak in cold water for about 1 hr. Drain well, dry between towels, then wrap and chill until ready to prepare. To make a simple dressing, beat 2 egg yolks or 1 whole egg with 1/2 cup prepared mustard. Stir in 1/2 c. boiling hot milk and cook over hot water until creamy. Stir in 1/4 c. vinegar, 1/4 tsp. salt, a sprinkling of black pepper and 1/2 c. celery seed. Cool slightly.

Pour over 3 c. shredded cabbage (there should be sufficient dressing to dress the cabbage generously). Chill and serve.

Rich Dressing

For the richer, sour cream dressing, combine in top of double boiler 1/2 cup. flour with 1/2 cup. sugar. Add 1/2 cup. salt, 1/2 cup. vinegar and 1 egg. Mix well.

Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add 1/2 cup. butter. Cool.

Fold into 1/2 c. sour heavy cream. Pour over 3 to 3 c. crisp, dry, shredded cabbage, tossing until well mixed.

Serve with quartets of fresh tomatoes.

The sour cream dressing, so rich in flavour, works wonders for a cottage cheese salad and is delicious with cucumbers and fresh tomatoes.

Epurean Dish

Beet salad can be a very uninteresting mixture or it can be quite an epurean dish.

Boil 6 medium-sized beets until tender.

Remove skins. Slice, quite thin. Add a small onion, sliced thin.

Bring to boil, 1/4 c. vinegar, 1/4 c. water, 2 tsp. sugar, a bay leaf, 2 tsp. prepared mustard. Four over beets.

Set aside to cool slowly, then chill before serving. Slices of onion may be removed, before serving, if desired.

Getting away from salads, here's a wonderful way to prepare baked potatoes.

Scrub the skins of fine Idaho or Maine potatoes, rub well with shortening or salad oil and bake.

When done, cut a cross on top and squeeze until the potato pops. Insert a lump of smoked turkey paste for a real taste treat and sprinkle with paprika.

Feminascope

Beware the shape under the shape!

AND BLAME THE MEN FOR IDOLISING IT...



THE big beautiful uplift bra is to blame for the figure mistake of 1958; a chemise, a trapeze, or a sack dress with one of those engineering masterpieces that gave the uniform a bit of form in 1943.

Said the bra buyer of a big London store: "It's a difficult problem. We try to stop the girls buying the uplift bra—but they insist men like them. Yet I can remember the scornful remarks made by men about the ridiculous way women distorted themselves. But now that women have a chance to look more natural the men still don't seem to like it."

It's the same with bathing dresses. What gives a swimsuit an old-fashioned appearance is not whether it is a Bikini or a cover-up. But it is whether it has all those darts and dagger-like seams that are meant to boost the bosom.

"I wish that girls would buy new bras before they try on new dresses," said one of the salesgirls to me in a Bond Street dress shop last week. "But they don't believe that their shape underneath is what makes the sack look so strange."

Study form in London streets, and you will be convinced she is right. The girls who look frights in the short straight waistless dresses are the ones who ruin the line with an uplift bra. In fact, you cannot shorten your skirt without lengthening your shoulder straps.

QUOTE from Nadia Gray, the Rumanian film actress, who has made films in nearly every country in Europe: "The difference between being lonely when you are married and when you are single is that, when you are single, you can put your hat and coat on and go out!"

WELL, WHY NOT GO WITHOUT?

NEWEST slant on a woman's figure: the pantie girdle that gives back those curves that all the other pantie-

girdles were supposed to iron out for you. An Italian designer launched it in a small way. A giant American firm has launched it as a revolution. They have the nerve to call it a "daring design concept."

One could, of course, just leave off wearing a girdle.

BOX of tricks for travellers: the five-piece set of electric plugs that will keep a travelling iron, a razor, or any other electric gadget going almost anywhere. There are different adapter plugs for use in North America and Canada, for anywhere in the British Isles, and for Europe. There are electric plugs for lights when there is no wall plug.

FASHION WITH A SPARKLE

PRIZES for women who put some sparkle into their clothes last week went to: Princess Margaret, who came home to her family with a terrific tan, looking cool as a banana sundae, dressed in yellow and cream colours from head to toe;

Anne Gunning, who gave a twist to the dangly-chain idea by hanging a Georgian fob-watch from hers instead of a dreary old medal;

Maria Scaraffa, off to work from her Cadogan Square home looking every inch the model in a pale parma violet suit, with a bright violet and white print turban and blouse.

THE LOAFER TURNS FEMININE

IT is not a shirt. It is not a blazer. It is the loafer—the American men's-wear favourite of the 'thirties that a bright British designer has produced for the girls over here. Wear it as a jacket over a dress; wear it on its own over a skirt; and watch for loafers in every colour and fabric you can think of (they will all be on to it before long). The prototype in the picture is made of thick furnishing-cotton, striped in red, pink, or black on white.

THEY SAY ABOUT WOMEN...

What an American man thinks of European women:

Alan Jay Lerner (he wrote those lyrics for *That Show*) said: "European women don't really like other women, they don't trust other women, they don't like to be with a crowd of other women, and they couldn't be man-haters if they tried. Maybe, it's the competition."

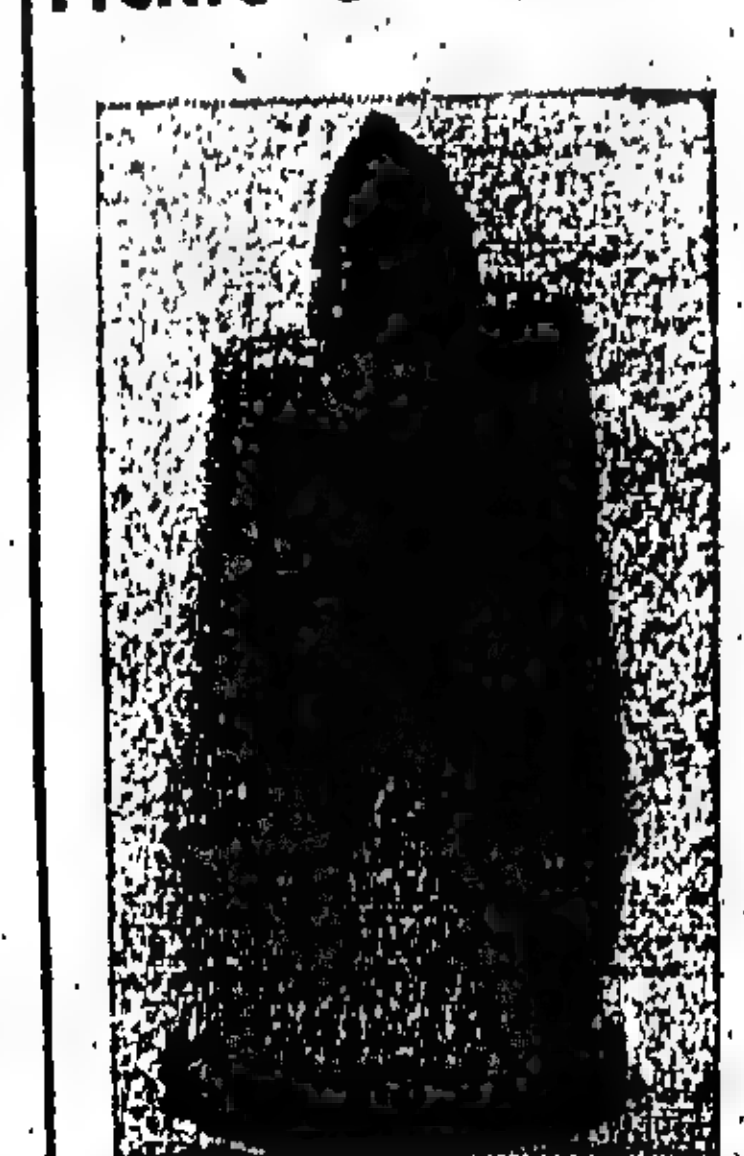
What an English girl thinks of American women:

Helen Bunney, a model just back from a conquering trip to the States: "The American women are really dominant."

They all seem to have their own cars, their own apartments, and just as much money as men. When they marry they hang on to their jobs, raise a family as well, and become a pack of nerves. I met one with a full-time job, a husband, four children. She takes eight pills a day to keep her going—vitamins, tranquillisers, and pop-her-up pills.

THINGS TO COME—No. 1: the guided missile in the kitchen. An American company has invented a big-like floor cleaner that wanders over the kitchen floor picking up dirt, returns to its hiding place, cleans and recharges itself all ready for a further attack. You operate it from a remote control panel! Just throw a switch, run like the wind, and slam the door.

NON-SPILL PICNIC SHAKER



BRIGHT picnic idea from those smooth airline picnicists: the all-in-one salt-and-pepper shakers. One side for salt—one side for pepper. Can't spill. Can't get mixed.

MARRIAGE CAN WAIT...

by AMANDA MARSHALL

In America you have the wretched spectacle of undergrad teenagers complete with baby and pram, playing gleefully at mothers and fathers...



MISS LESLEY THURBORN, reading history at Oxford on a £330 a year scholarship, is abandoning her academic career, two years before sitting for her degree, to get married.

Everybody is pleased (except, I guess, her tutor and the principal of her college), because love conquers all, and we are so conditioned to a romantic view of life and love that it seems churlish and stony hearted to think otherwise.

In Latin countries, where marriages are made in family conferences rather than at heaven, things are not quite the same.

Advanced education for women is no longer something new and startling, and neither is Miss Thurborn's problem—but that doesn't make it any less real and important. It used to be the rule that university life demanded celibacy of its senior members as well as its undergraduates, since marriage and academic work mix unadvisably—as the wife of any conscientious college dean will tell you, watching her husband go off at night after night to dine in college because it's the rule.

And in America, where romantic love has sunk its teeth even deeper into the national consciousness than in England, you have the wretched spectacle of undergraduates, complete with baby and pram, playing gleefully at mothers and fathers with a book in one hand and a pile of nappies in the other.

English universities are at least sensible enough to realise that you must do one thing or the other. What seems to me a pity is that marriage (which, I hasten to add, I have nothing against) can't wait until a girl has taken a degree and established herself.

The old, old argument of "our daughters will get married any-

way and somebody else will keep them—why should we spend good money on education time to time to time?—there were suggestions of "Fly with me and give it all up."

NO TALENTS

Suppose they do marry—well and good; but husbands, alas, do not always last for ever, and a woman may quite easily find herself with a family to support by her own efforts and no trained talents to call on for a source of income.

And anyway education has more value than just the money you can make it earn for you, though that is vital enough a point.

Obviously there are some professions a girl, once married, is practically bound to throw away if she wants to devote her energy to a family—medicine being one of them.

An intelligent and enlightened country doctor, father of two daughters, told me: "I'm glad neither of them shows any signs of wanting to be a doctor, because I should refuse to permit it. It's very difficult for women to practise after they are married and have children, and it only makes them miserable to have all that skill lying idle."

A WASTE

A doctor friend of mine, mother of two children and now a two-afternoons-a-week consultant with a big industrial firm, said: "I never thought of

"My parents did once suggest it might be rather a waste of money for me to go on and qualify if I wanted to get married immediately, when they meant they didn't much care for that particular young man. I agreed and went on with medicine."

"My father never questioned whether it was worth it—he thought if there was a one per cent chance of a genuine vocation it was worth taking. But I think for women the only real joy out of medicine comes much later on, when you can do a cosy part-time job and combine it with a family."

LEARN ABOUT LIFE

Penelope Mortimer, who was married before she was 20 and now has the eldest of her five daughters at Cambridge, feels strongly that every girl should be trained for something—"even if it's just to top-dance."

Should a very young girl drop a university in midstream for marriage? "Look her up," says Mrs Mortimer firmly. "As that age, you've got to learn something about life first, unless you want to start saving up at once for the divorce. Five years later you find you've both grown up into two quite different people."

(—London Express Service.)

HOW TO GO ON HOLIDAY BY AIR

HOW to look good and feel good on an air flight—this is a major fashion problem looming ahead for thousands of holiday makers and business travellers.

On the right, the girl with all the answers to the fashion problem of long-distance flying.

She wins points for: The soft, felt cloche hat that sits firmly on the head, even on the windy tarmac. Soft enough to roll up and pop in your bag, too. A slim-fitting coat and jumper suit in the winning fabric for travelling—jersey. It is lightweight, warm and virtually uncrushable. Sits for hours like a dream and emerges with barely a wrinkle.

Prizes from veteran traveller Viscountess Talbot, just back from a 25,000 miles round-the-world trip: "I wore jersey all the time for travelling, and it was as good at the end of the journey as the beginning."

Loose—but smart

Here Rix has sketched an easy-fitting midday suit in blonde jersey. The top, short sleeved and loose to the hips. Topping it is a narrow coat in black jersey that buttons from the shoulder-shoulder collarline to the hem.

Shoes are the prettiest shape of the moment, the T-strap poised on a low, slender heel and made of a soft kid that is gentle with feet that tend to swell in a warm atmosphere.

One large, roomy beauty case that carries everything you need for a journey, and the answer to all the petty little and bulky that so many passengers cope with. The "Executive Lady" in smart black patent leather has a removable cosmetic tray fitted with feather-weight bottles, a key-chain, pockets, 10 fold, everything you will need on a journey, from a double-sided mirror, writing pad, pen,



THE RIGHT COSTUME: Fit in blonde jersey, short sleeved and loose to the hips. Topping it is a narrow coat in black jersey that buttons from the shoulder-shoulder collarline to the hem.

tickets, book to a pair of socks to slip on your feet during the flight.

—Jane Brown

Do have an AVON try-on of Rich Moisture Cream...

and you'll want to use all of Avon's other moisturized cosmetics, too! Your complexion . . . in fact every woman's . . . responds as quickly and gratefully to the moisture-laden miracle of Rich Moisture Cream, as a flower responds to rain.

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SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann HELL-RAISER FLYNN RECRUITS Mr. FINCH FOR HIS CLUB

WE were celebrating Peter Finch' return from the wilds of Africa and he was in his socks—dancing a fandango in a downstairs restaurant before the bewildered natives of Kensington. Eventually—exhausted by his endeavours—he staggered back to the table to gulp down some vino.

"I am getting too old for this kind of caper," he said, breathing heavily.

"What you need," I said, "is advice from one who knows... the old Hell Raiser himself."

"Errol Flynn?" said Finch. "Is he here? What are we waiting for?"

We piled into a car and drove at great speed into the unsuspecting Berkshire countryside, to the retreat where the irrepressible Errol has been holding court all week for his special cronies.

And there, in the bar, wearing a giant sweater, slacks and crocodile shoes, was the old villain himself—quaffing great draughts out of a huge tankard in which was clustered enough greenery and plant-life to start a small window-box.

He greeted us warmly, but without surprise. Verilying what I have long suspected—that nothing short of revival of one of his old films would shake Errol.

"Dear boys," he said, "How pleasant. Did one of you, by chance, bring an extra shirt for me?"

We apologised for the oversight, and he took it with fortitude.

"We have been discussing," I said, "the lack of characters in the film world today."

"Ah," said Flynn. "I have given some thought to that myself. While filming *Roots of Heaven* in Africa with Trevor Howard, we decided to form a club. The Roisterers. You are both hereby enrolled."

The Rules

"Before I sign anything," I said, "I'd like to see the rules."

"Nowadays," said Flynn severely, "there is no opportunity for people to gather experience in hell raising. Remember I learned from the masters—John Barrymore and W. C. Fields. As President, I shall lecture to members once a week and at the close of the course they will receive a scroll, signed by me."

He chuckled to himself.

"I just finished filming in Africa with Audrey Hepburn," said Finch. "I formed the Somerset Maugham Club there. To join you must wear three days' growth of beard and spend at least four hours a day at the airport watching the planes."

"Ah," said Flynn. "I'd forgotten you were in Africa. Can't think how we missed each other. Where were you?"

"Where I was," said Finch, moodily, "the natives practise cannibalism. We had a roll-call every morning."

"I had no such luck," said Flynn. "Though, of course, one got up to some sport. I got a big bang out of it. Ubangi. And we have one lively afternoon when I gave pep tablets to some natives who were doing an assenal dance."

"There must have been some snags," Finch said.

"Indeed there were," said Flynn. "There was an appalling lack of women—except for some odd maidens with plates in their lips. And some idiot used to keep shouting in the middle of the night: 'Put down that damned mongoose.' I never did discover who it was—but it seemed to come from the direction of Juliette Green's hut."

"Isn't your film about someone who rates elephants higher than humans?" said Finch.

A CHARACTER

"Correct," said Flynn. "That particular philosophy escapes me, I confess. Before I left I wrote a letter to the author, Roman Gary, asking: 'What the devil is the film all about?' 'He'll love you for that,' I said."

"Fortunately," said Flynn, "I signed it with Trevor Howard's name."

"I got on well with Trevor," said Flynn. "A great character. He used to come on the set every morning looking vague and say: 'What's this scene all about?'—though we knew he'd been up all night studying his lines."

"I caught him at it one night and he was terribly ashamed. He was sure I'd throw him out."

MICKEY ROONEY PLAYS ANDY HARDY'S FATHER!

By RONALD SINGLETON: Hollywood

MICKEY ROONEY came home recently stouter, older, mature, but still irrepressible. Home was an old film set. Mickey, 36, was completing a circle.

He was on the first day of a new picture about Andy Hardy. Yes, the tousle-haired, small-town teenage symbol of America in the early 'forties.

This Andy is grown up, and Mickey's eight-year-old son Teddy is Andy junior.

Ironically, after an erratic grown-up career and an unsettled love life of four marriages, he was turning back to the film series which had set him on his own way to stardom, as also Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Esther Williams, Donna Reed, Kathryn Grayson.

In the new film he has a scene in which he looks at the pictures of all of them as they were then—high-school crushes for Andy Hardy.

"What do you think of them now?" I asked. Taking me by the arm Mickey said with a wink: "Brother! If I knew what I know about them all now. Wow!"

REMEMBER?

I HAD called on him to ask what had happened to the film family of old Judge Hardy, which had made such a hit in wartime Britain and America.

Remember how it was? Lewis Stone, as the old judge, banging his gavel and for ever recessing court after dealing with an offender whose story served as a moral for his son's latest life problem?

Carvel, the typical quiet American provincial home-town where everything always worked out just right for Andy, the tribly-hatted high-school boy, who would always go back to the girl, next door—Polly Benedict (Anna Rutherford)—after a love affair with a striking newcomer?

After 12 years it is all returning in "Andy Hardy Comes Home." Now we have a mature Andy who is a lawyer, and a



FLASHBACK: Rooney as Hardy Jun. with Lewis Stone back in 1940

new Andy Jun., Mickey Rooney's son. The town of Carvel is the same—the same sets, the same folk, the same heart-to-heart talks, this time with little Andy confiding in Andy sen. Everyone is there (Fay Holden is still Ma Hardy) except the old judge. Lewis Stone had a heart attack and died a few years ago after chasing some boys off his lawn.

The series brought Metro-Goldwyn Mayer 25,000,000 dollars from 14 Hardy films from 1938 to 1940. Millions on TV have been seeing them all again.

Now M.-G.-M. are making new Andy Hardy pictures. In this new film the Carvel townsfolk find Andy is a helpful visitor, get him to stay, and ask him to fill a vacancy on the Bench.

So, just before the fade-out, Andy Hardy, in grand judge's robes, walks to the chair where old Lewis Stone used to crash his gavel.

It would make Ma Hardy a little weep. Her son Andrew—she was so proud.

A beauty—and she comes from Liverpool

Gia Scala—despite her exotic name and Italian looks—actually hails from Liverpool. Now a fast-rising Hollywood actress, she is back in Britain making *The Clock Without a Face* opposite Jack Hawkins.

Does she intend to look up her birthplace—which she left when she was a baby?

"I don't know," says Miss Scala. "I have heard it is rather grim—and I'm not sure I could understand that Northern accent."

THE FILM THAT ROCKS HOLLYWOOD —It's The Rise And Fall Of A Goddess

about the savage way in which Chayefsky has scraped the glamour off the stars. The film had no premiere there and has opened in a small cinema in San Francisco.

The girl

HOW true is it? I put that question to the girl who plays the goddess.

She is Kim Stanley, the blonde and brilliant actress, now playing in "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" in London.

She answered: "I only agreed to play in the film because I was convinced that it was a true and honest account of some film stars' lives."

Hollywood, naturally, does not agree. But such controversy could help Chayefsky to clean up at the box-office again. "Sunset Boulevard," which was just as ruthless, helped Gloria Swanson to make a come-back.

John Lambert

The faces

HER outlook from the lonely heights of Hollywood is: "I can hardly get out of a taxicab without hundreds of people screaming that they love me. I've known men, hundreds of men... just blank faces, I can't remember them at all."

"All the things that are supposed to be fun really ain't no fun, and all the things that are supposed to be important really ain't nothing at all. I can't think of anything I want or look forward to. It's all a fraud."

Hollywood, smeared by such recent scandal as the Lana Turner love affair, is worried



London Express Service



KIM STANLEY AND LLOYD BRIDGES IN 'THE GODDESS' Nothing succeeds like excess

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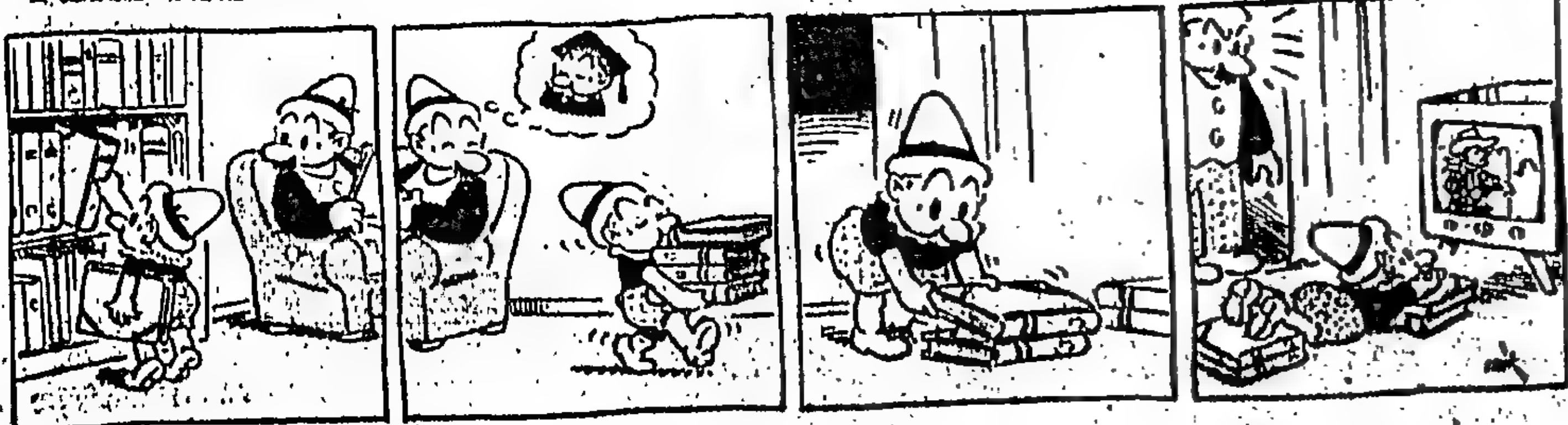
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Nothing does it
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FERD'NAND



By Milk



THE BOOK PAGE



JESSIE KESSON

The stark stuff of a childhood goes into a winner

FROM a cold Scottish town, from a drab gas-lit alley where dustbins gape above the cobbles and loud-mouthed women gossip and brawl, comes a tender and tragic story.

It is the story of Janie, aged eight, the small heroine of an extraordinary new book. The title: *THE WHITE BIRD PASSES*, by Jessie Kesson (Chatto, 12s. 6d.).

This novel has appeared quietly, without any brassy blaring of publicity. The author, a woman of 40, has never had a book published before. Her book is only 159 pages long.

Yet I predict that before the summer is out there will be thousands who will value Janie's tale far more than such ton-weight epics as *By Love Possessed*.

The story is simple enough. It describes how Janie lives in an alley tenement, with her tough, pretty, widowed mother. It describes the shadowy gods who move through Janie's life—the Cruelty Inspector, the Free Boot Ticket Man, the friendly figures, such as Mysie Walsh, plump woman of the streets, whose room awes little Janie with its odours of scent and Phulnani powder.

But Janie's mother is of Mysie's profession too. Her family, living on a distant farm, have disowned her. In slumland squarer her tragedy is worked out.

Well, you may say, there's nothing new about a story like that. There have always been pathetic books about childhood in Scotland's slums.

DIFFERENT

But there are things which make *The White Bird Passes* utterly different. Things which make you feel: "This is it. This is childhood. This is real."

Take the moment at Janie's school, when a nurse appears at the classroom doorway.

Janie knows what it means at once. The nurse has a list of Names To Be Examined. She will bone-comb Janie's dirty hair and rub it with a lotion that will make the other children sniff and giggle.

Desperately, the little fatherless girl shuts her eyes. It isn't a nurse at the door, she tells herself. It is the head master. He is going to say: "Excuse me, but I would like to speak to my daughter for a moment, if you don't mind." And how surprised everyone is going to be when he puts his arm round Janie's shoulder because she has really been his daughter all the time.

Or take Janie's quarrel with Beulah McPhee, the woman tinker.

Thin with hunger, Janie watches Beulah cooking rice in her cavan on the town green. In return for a saucer-full the old woman persuades her to go out and buy tobacco. She tells Janie: "Say it's for your Grandmother, Janie. Her that's just at death's door. 'Day it's the last thing she'll need from man.' But when Janie returns with a twist she says that the man who gave it wrote down her name in a book. She says that she gave Beulah's name too. She explains: "I just couldn't give my Grandmother's name. She doesn't smoke. And she's a lady, you see."

TOO FAR

Roars Beulah: "A lady is it? So its Grandmother is a lady! But the McPhee has to feed it. The lady Grandmother doesn't give you rice, does she? No. No fear of that." And the whole pathos of childhood fills little Janie's reply as she blurt out:—

"My Grandmother gives me soup. She gives me it in a blue bowl with roses round it. And a spoon which shines like anything."

"My face looks twice as fat when I look at it in her shining spoon. When we have pudding we get another clean spoon."

"She would give me rice, too, if I stayed with her. But it's too far away for me to say with her. It's away in the country. In Grandmother's country." But more than Beulah McPhee, more than scented Mysie Walsh (who sets the alley agog by hanging herself), it is Janie's mother, Lizzy, who dominates this amazing book.

Lizzy is hard-bitten, and immoral. She doesn't bother

by **ROBERT PITMAN**

much about meals for Janie. But she has other qualities. A fierce loyalty binds her to her child against the rest of the world.

And in a strange and wonderful way she constantly feeds the child's mind.

THE SHADOWS

At Janie's school the girls are offered a stalling for the best essay on the local cathedral. Lizzy promptly takes Janie off to see it. She tells her how it was once burned by raiders. She fires the little girl's imagination with talk of monks and priests.

Yet already the shadows are moving in on Lizzy and Janie. Back at the alley they learn that the Cruelty Man has been asking questions about Janie.

Then comes a blue summons slip, alleging that Janie is in need of care and protection.

At the sight of that blue slip, the essay prize is forgotten. They know that Janie will be taken off to an orphanage.

Janie cries: "We'll go away, Mum, miles and miles away

together. Where nobody will ever find us. They can't take me away from you if they can't find us."

Desperately Lizzy takes the child's advice. By dusk they slip away from the inn together, the tall woman and her little girl, they cross the dark roads and fields to a doss-house in the next town. But the police are ready for them there.

And so Janie is taken to the orphanage 100 miles away. That

night the girls in the dormitory tell Janie about the food, Porridge for breakfast, fish on Sundays. "And an egg on Christmas morning," says a voice.

At mention of Christmas a panic seizes Janie. Upright in bed she asks: "When will I get home? I've asked everybody. The Court Man and the Vigilance Officer. They all let on they don't hear me."

"When you're 16, most likely," a girl tells her. And Janie sobs: "But that's ages. That's just years and years. I'm not nine yet. Not till October."

But her worst day has not yet come. Years later, Lizzy comes to the orphanage to plead

for Janie to be allowed home. For years Janie has been telling the girls in the dormitory about her pretty mother.

But when Lizzy comes she is deformed by disease. Her cheeks are hollow. Her sight is failing. Her plea is turned down.

Angry she strides away, leaving Janie to tell herself: "My Mam went away without knowing that I love her. The words wouldn't come till she was getting on the bus. And then it was too late."

Such is the story of *The White Bird Passes*. But there is something else that is remarkable about this book. Its author.

Last week I had lunch with Jessie Kesson. In a husky, Scots voice she told me: "I've called the book a novel. But it's true, every word of it."

As we chatted, I learned that Janie was a real child who lived in the slums of Edinburgh in the 1920's. I learned that Mysie Walsh really committed suicide in her sweet-smelling room, that Janie and her mother really fled the countryside away from the magistrates and the police.

Jessie Kesson said: "But I've given the book a happy ending. I've said that the trustees finally sent Janie to college. That didn't happen at all."

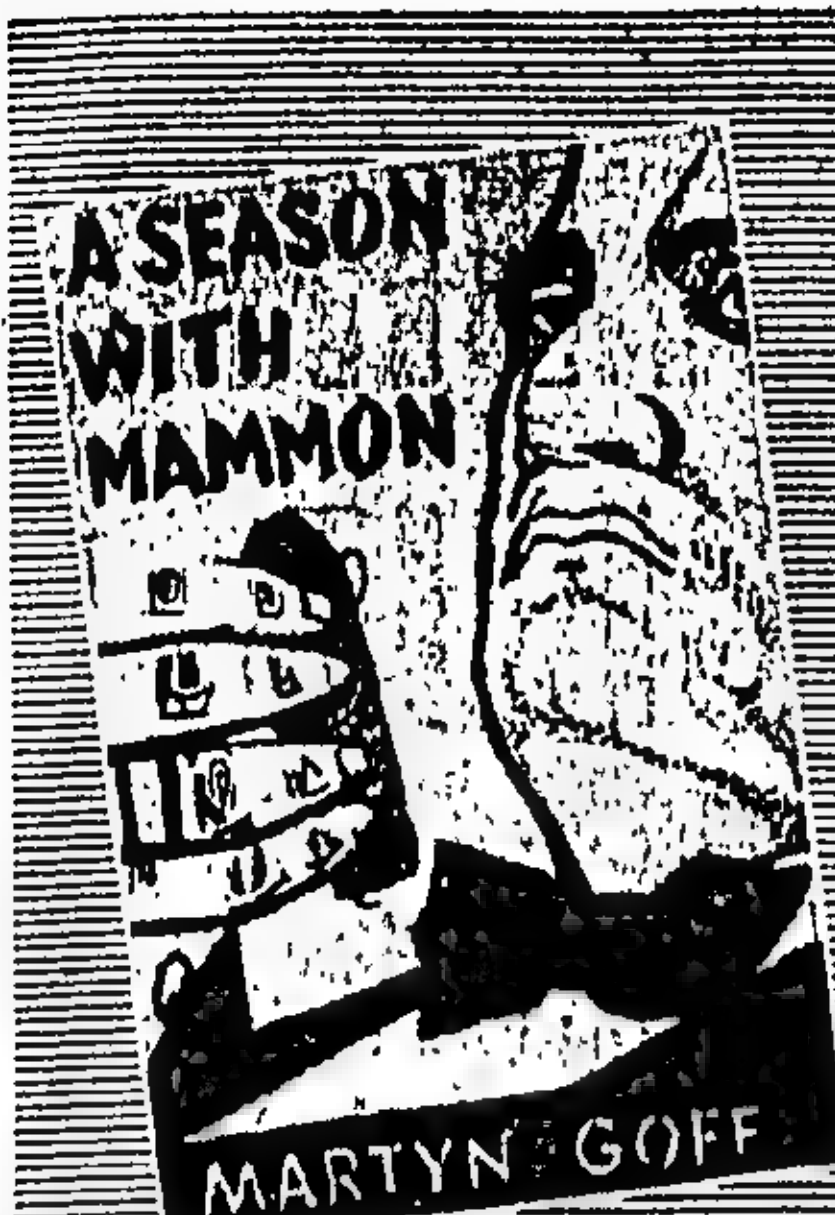
Quote of the week

"CORSETS were never out of male fashion in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth centuries, and there was a fresh outburst of masculine waist-sequesting in the nineteenth. Sent for tailor and stay-maker," recorded an English officer in his diary, soon after Waterloo. His orders included: "Cumberland corset with a whalebone back. The last pair gave way in stooping to pick up Lady B's glove."

"A West End firm of corset specialists claimed to supply gentlemen all over the country, not only young military officers, but also university professors, country squires, and clergymen of mature age."

From *THE PEACOCK'S TAIL*, by Pearl S. Butler (Harrap, 25s.). An amusing and extremely readable survey of the stern sex's dress, its beauty, jewelry, and cosmetics through the ages.

predicts that a little novel (it runs to only 159 pages) will bring success this year to a new woman writer



DOES THE COVER MATTER?

WHICH of these two novels would you be tempted to buy? Take Martyn Goff's *A Season with Mammon* (Putnam 13s.). This story of a Jewish film tycoon is intelligent, ironic, powerful. And the cover tells you as much. But now turn to Nadia Legrand's *The Rainbow Has Seven Colours* (12s. 6d.). In a bookshop you might push it aside as a typical novelistic. You would be mistaken. It is a sharp, clever book—a kind of what you would expect to find in a character. The only thing wrong—THE COVER.



Larry Adler Leaves His Mouth-Organ Behind

RECORD by PETER BUCHAN

HOW good is Larry Adler? Is he still just a mouth-organ player or is he a musician to be taken seriously by. The contrast in two records issued this week supplies the answer.

The first record is a brilliant long-player on which Adler has American accent, but he has no recorded for the first time with a full, 75-strong symphony orchestra.

In the other—a reissue of recordings made exactly 20 years ago when Adler was playing in a Paris jazz cellar—he is teamed with guitarist Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club de France.

Since those early records were made Adler has become a musician far in advance of the stature of his instrument.

Says Adler: "I don't suppose that in my lifetime the mouth-organ will be treated as a serious instrument except in a few places."

The places? "Israel—there they don't feel anything strange about it as a concert instrument. Then there's Australia. And strangely enough I've noticed in recent months that in India the reaction is the same."

Serious now

But if the mouth-organ has not made much advance, Adler has.

He started his career in this country as a music-hall artist. Now he is a serious concert artist—and a composer.

Says Adler: "I had always improvised tunes on the mouth-organ, but I had never thought of doing it seriously. Then one day Ingrid Bergman, who had always been trying to get me to write something down, insisted that I did."

"We were in Berlin making a film. She was going out to lunch. Just before she went she said: 'Write a tune, before I come back.'"

And the result? "I wrote down my first tune."

As a composer Adler's biggest success was the music for the old-crock film *Genevieve*.

Now he has another film to work on—for Max Eyring. What is it like, this American Jew who found fame by playing what was once a child's toy?

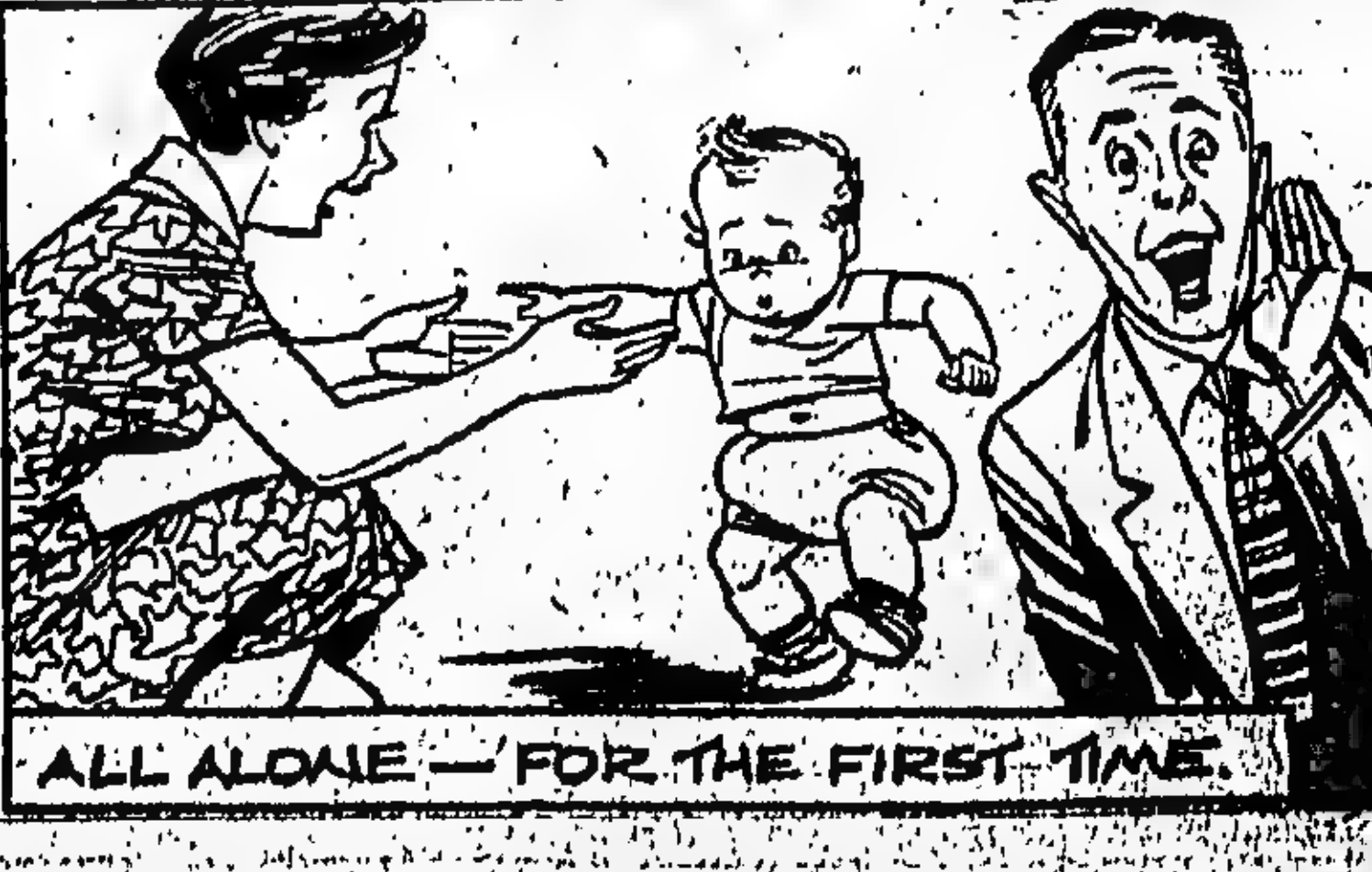
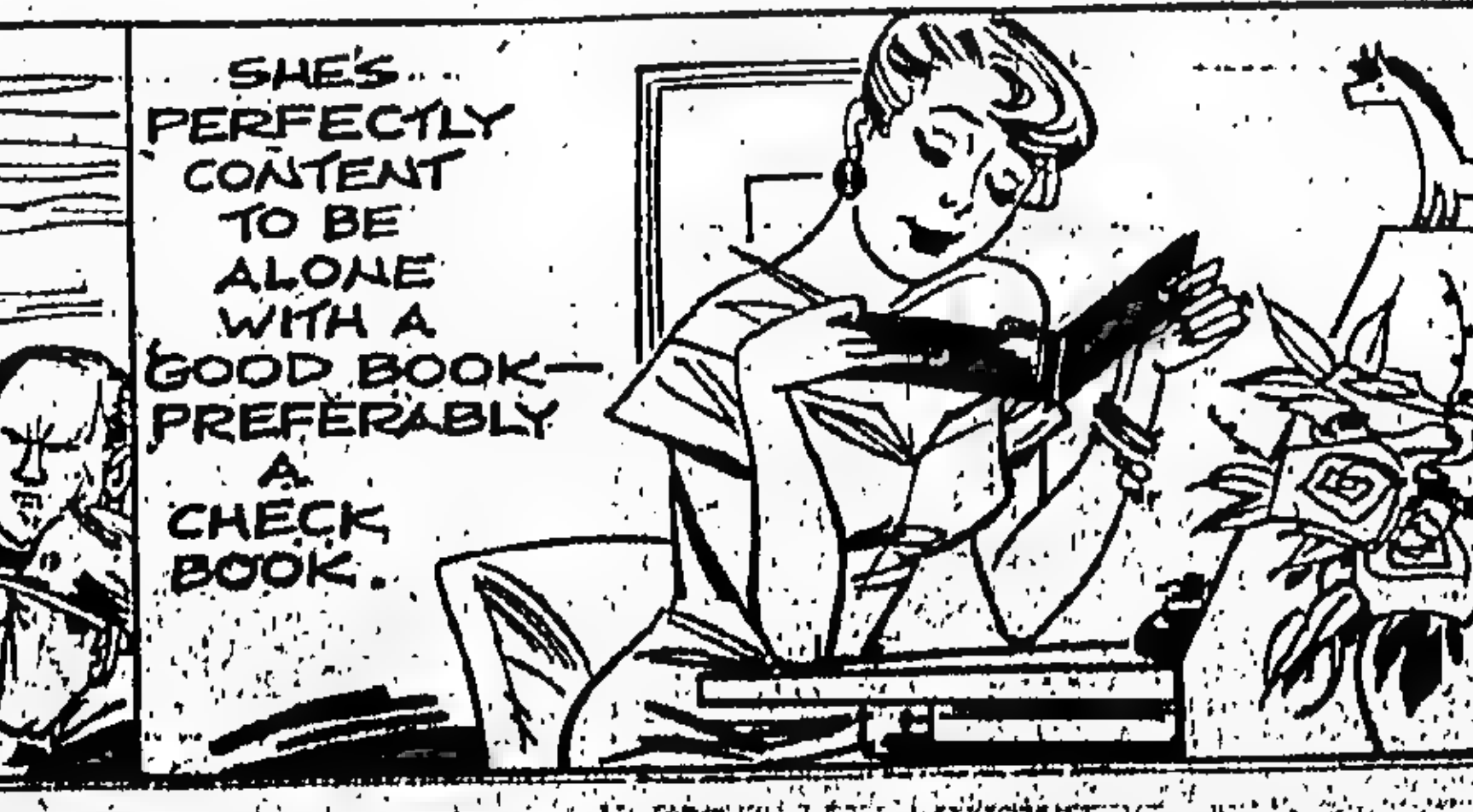
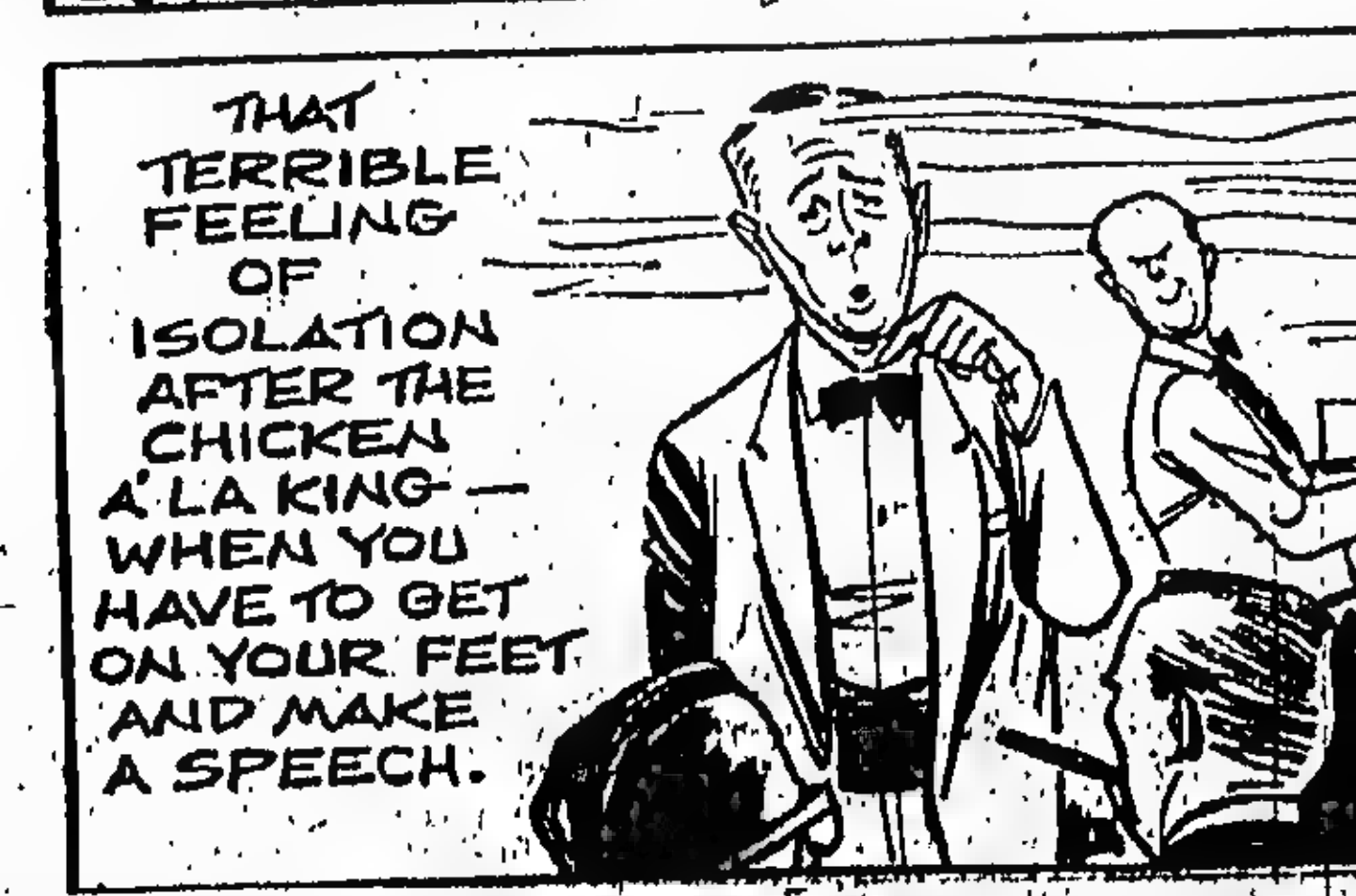
At 43, he is tiny and slim, both tinner and slimmer than he appears on a concert platform or on TV.

Says Adler: "It gives me an inferiority complex."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

All Alone

By Harry Weinert



Hongkong Lawn Bowls

Team Must Leave For Cardiff Early

By "TOUCHER"

Hongkong's Empire Games lawn bowlers must leave for Cardiff as early as possible. This is the opinion of not only this columnist but also that of most of Hongkong's chosen team of seven. Most emphatic in this respect has been Raoul Luz, skip of the Colony's team of four and the likely captain for Hongkong's team.

"We must go there early and practise as much as possible on the greens on which we have to play our matches," said Raoul. "After all the Empire Games Village opens on July 4 and there is no reason why we should not be there by that time."

I would go even further than that by expressing the hope that the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association will try to make arrangements for the Colony team to reach Cardiff on July 1. The Empire Games Village actually opens on July 1, but teams arriving between July 1 and July 4 will be required to pay a daily charge.

Certainly Worth

As Hongkong will be spending about £400 for each player on travelling alone, the extra cost of board and lodging for the three extra days is comparatively almost negligible and is certainly worth considered in terms of the few days extra practice and the extra period of acclimatisation that the Hongkong players can get.

The question of obtaining the necessary leave seems to be no problem for practically all the Hongkong bowlers and it will be a pity if every effort is not made to give the local team every facility in enhancing their chances of putting up a good show at the Games.

In connection with the Empire Games team, questions have also been asked why no practice matches have so far been arranged for the Hongkong team, particularly the team of four, who have never played together.

Careful Preparations

Careful preparations are being made by the teams of other nations as evidenced by a report which appeared in this paper a couple of days ago. It mentioned that Australia has gone

as far as to send some one to measure the speed of the wind on the Cardiff greens and adjust her practice green accordingly by soaking it, but only Hongkong seems to think that it does not need any practice, or only a short practice at a very late stage.

It is hoped that practices for the Hongkong team both under daylight and floodlight against strong representative teams from the Mainland and Island will be arranged during next month prior to the team's departure for Cardiff, as it is not only to give the players their much needed practice but also the local bowling world a chance to see what sort of team will be representing the Colony.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. When was the last time that a Wimbledon men's singles final extended to five sets? And who were the players?
2. Name four of the six sports included in the first Olympic Games of 1896?
3. In what sport do you have short and long corners?
4. What do Floyd Patterson, Pascual Perez and Terry Spinks have in common?
5. Which countries played in the final of the soccer tournament in the 1956 Olympic Games? And what was the result?
6. Name the three cricketers who have scored over 6,000 runs in Test matches?
7. In which countries are these football clubs (a) Spartak (b) Rening Club (c) Norrkoping.
8. Two players with the name of "Ali" have won the Wimbledon women's singles title. Surnames please.
9. Whom did Sugar Ray Robinson beat to win the world middleweight title for the first time?
10. What's the name? "Born August 23, 1929...turned professional, 1946...has won a British open title three years in succession...has been three times runner-up."

(Answers on Page 17.)



S-T-R-E-T-C-H-W-A-Y.

Eldorado

Pioneer

What is the secret of this belt's fabulous success? It's the Stretchway action... a hidden patented device by Pioneer that actually gives and takes with every motion of your body. The other half of the story is the personalized buckle... that makes this belt distinctively yours.

Come in today and ask for the ELDERADO... make the Stretchway test.

gives and takes a full inch with every motion.

BIGGER LEAGUES—BIGGER PROBLEMS

Relegation Heartaches Cannot Be Cured By Lengthening The League's Long Weak Tail

Says I. M. MACTAVISH

There are two main topics of discussion in Colony football at the present time. If one cares to include speculation on the happenings and outcome of the Asian Games the total of topical soccer subjects might be raised to three. Though many will probably claim that the most important thing at the moment is the visit of Blackpool there are others who believe that the whole question of promotion and relegation has a much further reaching significance for Hongkong football.

This matter has been brought to the surface once again as the result of a proposal tabled by the representative of Hongkong Football Club at the last meeting of the HKFA Council.

Some bitter things have been said about the new proposal, but in fairness let us admit that equally bitter things have also been said about the present promotion and relegation arrangements.

It might be a good idea at this stage to examine the various aspects of the controversy as they exist at the moment.

First of all it has to be admitted that it is the duty of every councillor to do the best he can to further the interests of his club and it is absolutely right that he should do so.

It is for the other councillors who sit around the committee table with him to consider and decide whether a particular proposal is for the betterment of the Colony football as a whole and to vote accordingly. It would be contrary to every concept of decision by committee if only popular proposals were made.

Hostile Reception

The proposal tabled by the Club Representative has had a hostile reception in many places. That is understandable for new ideas, particularly if they are ill-considered and very obviously in favour of the proposer, are always regarded with suspicion. That is exactly what is happening now.

The essence of the proposal is that the number of Clubs in the First Division should be increased by the retention of the teams of top and the elevation of others and that the Reserve Division be abolished.

The Colony League competition would then be run in three Divisions with the Reserve Division being permitted to play in the lower divisions.

At first sight this might seem to be a good idea, and certainly it might coax a number of teams from lower clubs if put up for decision, but I cannot believe that Hongkong football as a whole stands to benefit by it.

The present First Division is terribly lopsided even as it is the gap between the top three clubs—South China, KMB, and Kitchener—and the rest is already too wide to make real healthy competition possible. How can this undesirable situation possibly be improved if more junior clubs are elevated to face the exacting requirements of the premier competition? In fact it is hard to imagine that the present unsatisfactory set up would not be further aggravated by it.

Earned Fame

Leicester City earned itself fame by spilling that dream, but Portsmouth made sure of the League Championship and won it again the very next season. In 1955, the club finished the season.

Not Enough

The Colony's top football stars are undoubtedly good but the truth is that there are not enough of them to provide full playing strength for the number of Chinese teams inevitably concerned in a 17-team First Division.

Such a competition could only be made workable by the voluntary dissolution of the present all-powerful clubs and the redistribution of their playing staffs on an equitable basis throughout all competing teams.

That is something I cannot foresee ever happening here. It has been tried in other sports in other parts of the world but as far as I know it has never worked. The reformers killed speedway and ice hockey in the United Kingdom by splitting up established com-

binations. Any competition without real star players is poor entertainment and in Hongkong, where hero-worship is the basis of the big football following, it could do great harm to the game.

Hongkong football needs its South China and its KMB if it is to prosper financially and the greatest thing that could happen here is not the creation of a bigger league but the emergence of a non-Chinese side powerful enough to offer a real challenge to the current kingpins.

Big Possibility

Obviously the Army is the big possibility in this direction and it is a great pity that the Army Football Authorities in the United Kingdom cannot be made to realise the high prestige value of a successful soldiers' team. The top class Army football team would be an asset of good will beyond estimate, and it is easy to recall the stars of a few months ago who were held by the Chinese community.

There is a wealth of surplus football talent in the Services at Home and one needs frequently in the U.K. press of the difficulties which many up and coming stars have to find a regular place in the Army representative sides.

There is a place, and a real welcome waiting for some of these players in Hongkong. Their presence here would give a new lift to the game as well as being a reward for the hard-working Army officials who recently have had to struggle along against first-class opposition with third and fourth rate material. Men like McDonald and McKenna stand out as examples of what can be obtained.

A 'Footernik'

Maybe the soccer gods at Olympus will toss a 'footernik' into Whitehall and wake someone up to the value of a more equitable distribution of its National Services football talent. Without doubt, surely there could be no loss of military efficiency for Hongkong is one of the finest training locations in the world for fighting soldiers.

Much the same can be said of the Royal Air Force, in a less ambitious way, and it seems strange and sad that a virtue sporting community like the Portuguese cannot offer a challenge to the Chinese.

Because of changing conditions the Hongkong Football Club—sponsors of the reform proposals—are quite definitely in the most vulnerable position of all.

They simply are not getting the right type of civilian players as profitably they used to do and this season they have had to rely to a great extent on young Servicemen who were not required by their own organisations.

According to the rules of the current competition, they will be relegated at the end of the season. The proposal now tabled by their representative could, if accepted, save them from the big drop, but many are asking: "Save them for what?"

Is there any indication that their playing resources will be improved next season, or that they will be better able to keep their place in the First Division on playing merit? The truth is that there is no silver lining on their dark clouds, and in fact several of their current stalwarts will not be available for part at least of the incoming season.

There is no side in the competition that has done more for Colony football than the Club. Their contribution is beyond value but without real representative playing strength, they are going to be hard pressed to justify their continued membership of the First Division on any other grounds.

Workmanlike Sides

Don't let anyone forget that there are fair workmanlike sides in the lower divisions and Jardines and Tung Wah have managed to keep themselves out of serious trouble in their first season in the top circle, and the Royal Navy and R.A.F. Sal Wan, if they could keep their present sides, would not be disgraced there next season.

The cure-all for the Colony's football ills certainly does not appear to be in bigger long-tailed leagues but in better leagues, and far as the Reserve Competition is concerned the remedy seems to be simple. Make it compulsory as in other parts of the world for all First Division clubs to participate in the Reserve League. In fact, make it a qualification of senior membership that they do.

Lead To Trouble

Reserve teams playing in junior competitions against the first teams of independent clubs always lead to trouble eventually, and the mere fact that a 'reserve' cannot be utilised at will to fill a vacancy in the first team leads to the creation of such as we had here a season or so ago—a panel of idle footballers who cannot regularly get their places in the first team and who are not immediately eligible for the Reserve League. Look at the case of Lau Kai-chu and Kitchener.

Let us have reserves for reserves sake. A full scale Reserve competition with a double header at every fixture would grow into good football entertainment, and it would certainly ensure that the reserves play as many games as the more glamorous first team mates. It is indeed a complex problem. It will have to be approached with a detached sincerity to find a satisfactory solution, but at all costs spare us a bigger First Division.

Jim Peters Will Be At Cardiff

London, May. Jim Peters, captain and hero of England's team at the 1954 Empire Games, is among several great athletes of the past who will attend the 1958 Games in Cardiff.

Peters has never raced since his glorious failure in the Vancouver marathon, and recently he has given up running altogether. But he is still closely following athletics as a reporter.

Another famous ex-athlete at Cardiff will be Jim Alford, who won the mile for Wales at the 1958 Games in Sydney. He is now the Welsh National Athletics Coach.

Duncan McLeod Wright, who won the marathon for Scotland in the 1950 Games, will also be present as an official coach for Scottish athletes. He is now the British Free State, may attend as President of the Tenthrynia AAA—London Express.

A FIGHTING FINISH



There was a fighting finish in the Two Miles International (Invitation Event) at the White City Stadium last week when Gordon Pirie beat M. Szabo (Hungary) in a close tussle. Derek Ibbotson was third. Pirie's time was eight minutes 46.4 seconds.

Photo shows the finish with Pirie (No. 16) just beating Szabo.—Key-stone Photo.

Histories Of The Clubs WON PROMOTION BY TWO-HUNDREDTH OF A GOAL

PHOTO-FINISH THAT SET WORLD ARGUING

By TIM GORDON

Portsmouth F.C., twice winner of the League championship since World War II, is one of the most popular clubs in the game. Since many of the team's supporters are Royal Navy men, its praises are sung in the farthest corners of the world. In recent years, the south coast side has earned high praise for its cultured style of play under the able management of Mr Eddie Lever. It has been in the forefront of British clubs who have adopted Continental ideas.

But then Pompey has always figured in the soccer news. Even the way in which the Club was founded was out of the ordinary.

The old Royal Artillery (Portsmouth) Football Club had given the Navy base a liking for good-class football. But in 1898 a Football Association commission found it had forfeited its amateur status by taking away its players for a week's special training prior to an Amateur Cup match.

Were thousands of sports-loving servicemen as well as the regular inhabitants of Portsmouth to be robbed of their soccer?

Two local sportsmen, a headmaster, Mr G. Lewin Oliver, and a former R.A. warrant officer, Mr W. Wigginton, called a meeting to discuss the possibilities of forming a professional club in the town and Portsmouth. C. was born.

Within a few weeks, £4,050 was raised to buy Fratton Park; a Company with a capital of £8,000 was formed and in September 1899, at Chatham, the new Portsmouth club played its first game in the Southern League.

One of the first players signed was a goalkeeper, Matthew Rellly, who was capped by Ireland in 1900 and 1902. His antics with the ball brought about a change in the laws of the game.

Gaelic Football

In his youth, he had played Gaelic football and had become very proficient at bouncing the ball and dodging opponents. In those days, a goalkeeper was allowed to handle outside the goal area, and Rellly would often go rushing well upfield skilfully bouncing the ball out of the reach of the feet that were aimed at it by irate players on the other side.

The only way to stop him was to introduce a new law prohibiting a goalkeeper from using his hands outside the goal area.

In its early days, the Portsmouth team was a tremendous force in the Southern League. For over two seasons it was undefeated at home. Northampton was the first visiting side to win at Fratton Park—on October 18, 1902.

But let us consider the huge strides Pompey has taken in more recent times. The club entered the Southern Section of the Football League when it was formed, and won promotion to the Second Division in 1924. Three years

later, it figured in one of the most astonishing promotion arguments of all time.

At the end of the 1926-27 season, Portsmouth and Manchester City tied for second place in the Second Division, with 54 points each—or it looked as though they had, until the mathematicians got busy.

They worked out that Portsmouth had won promotion to the First Division by one two-hundredth part of a goal.

Controversy

That decision caused tremendous controversy. People asked how you calculated one two-hundredth part of a goal. There were suggestions that the number of corners awarded to a side during a season should be taken into consideration when deciding which of two teams level on points should go up.

Another proposal was that Manchester City, and Portsmouth, should play a three-match decider.

Many other suggestions were made, most of them unworkable and some of them laughable, but that 1927 photo-finish certainly put the name of Portsmouth on the soccer map.

Twelve years later, as war clouds formed over Europe, the south coast side set the football world talking again by bringing off a fantastic win against all the odds.

In the 1938-39 season, Wolverhampton Wanderers under manager Frank Buckley were sweeping all before them. One of the most brilliant sides ever assembled, they seemed all set to achieve the fabulous "double" of League Championship and FA Cup.

In fact, Wolves came second in the League but when they reached the Cup Final and found their opponents were to achieve the fabulous "double" of League Championship and FA Cup.

Portsmouth, then fighting to stay in the First Division, the Cup at least looked safe.

At that time, Pompey had in Scoullar, Flewin and Dickinson, one of the greatest half-back lines in the game.

Jimmy Scoullar, Scotland's wing-half—Jimmy Dickinson, a great England player—Jack Froggatt, capped for England both at centre-half and on the wing—Len Phillips, an England inside-forward—Douglas Reid of the thunderbolt shot—these were the men who kept the famous Pompey chimes pealing. They were worthy successors to the immortal C. B. Fry who had played for Portsmouth as an amateur half a century before.

Pompey had not have done so well in the last season—or two, but their overall history to date could well be entitled "Sixty Glorious Years". (WORLD COPYRIGHT)

Starting 5-4-1 favourites against Pompey's seasoned campaigners, led by Jimmy Guthrie, the young Wolves went back to the Midlands with their tails between their legs, thrashed 4-1.

That was a red-letter day for Portsmouth, who took the Cup Home for the first time. Pompey had reached the Final twice before, but lost 2-0 to Bolton in 1929 and 2-1 to Manchester City in 1934.

The immediate post-war years saw the club right on the crest of the wave, in 1949 when it reached the Cup semi-finals to be drawn against a struggling Second Division side, Leicester City, the team appeared set for another trip to Wembley. Wolves had also reached the semi-final, and everyone was banking on another Wolves v. Pompey clash at Wembley.

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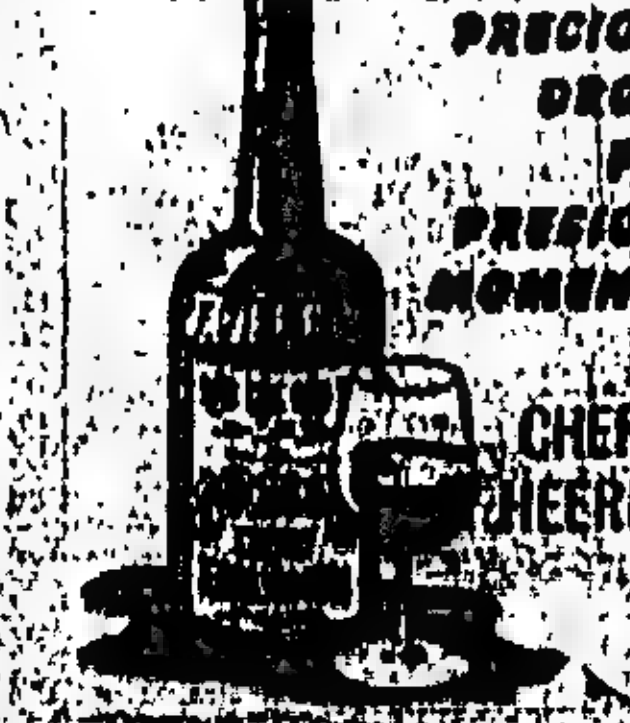
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POP



AT THE WICKET Nothing Gets The New Zealanders Down And They Are Never Dull

By NORMAN YARDLEY
(Former England and Yorkshire Captain)

I like the New Zealand team touring Britain. Whether their fortunes are up or down they stay cheerful. After the amazing day at Lord's on May 17, when Laurie Miller and Noel Harford smacked Tyson and Moss around to the tune of 89 in the first hour—and then the side spluttered out for 190 very quickly after lunch—New Zealand Manager Jack Phillipps seemed to be the most cheerful man in the business.

"I believe the spectators want incident in their cricket," he quipped. "And nobody can deny that we provide it. This morning we broke all records for getting on, then this afternoon we broke just as many for getting out! So whatever else you may think about us, you can't think us dull!" It was well and neatly said!

Sad thing is, however, that this bunch of cheerful cricketers are not getting the crowd support that they—and their cricket—deserve.

Only 3,000 braved the cool weather on that Saturday to see them—and this at Lord's. Then on a much warmer Monday, I understand, there were only about 2,000.

Even this is not getting the tourists down. They accept that the weather, and the Cup Final, and all kinds of other distractions have been thinning their crowds, and on the argument that the Tests should pay their way, they are concentrating on pushing their form. Quite rightly, too.

One of the nicest features of them finding form is the help they are getting from their rivals.

I suppose that is the greatest thing about the game—cricketers all over the world all

seem to help each other with their problems, however keenly they battle against each other when the Test heat is on.

Although many people may not realise it, it is the accepted thing that a home captain always helps a visiting captain to "read" the wicket. And there is no funny business about it either. It is just the thing that is done, honestly and fairly, so the two sides can start even.

Extra Yard

Several of the best England bowlers have already been advising the New Zealanders to find that extra yard of length which England conditions demand.

I know there are many people who may think this sort of thing should not be, and that any touring side should stand on its own feet. But to me it is just right.

It is, in fact, cricket.

Two of the toughest arguments I have been running into have concerned that unusual Hampshire declaration which allowed Freddie Trueman to win eight points for Yorkshire, and the older one about cash being returned for fourth and fifth-day tickets of Test matches which finish early.

The Hampshire declaration you will remember, came after weather had cut the game at Bradford (York).

The Hampshire captain, Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, declared with a lead of 105 and left Yorkshire about 50 minutes to bat. I suppose to him it seemed quite safe.

Went Mad

Of course, Freddie Trueman went mad with three sixes in a not-out 58, which shocked everybody and won the game for Yorkshire with seven minutes to spare.

The argument is, of course, whether Hampshire should have declared—leaving Yorkshire even that outside chance of winning—when they themselves had no hope at all of bowling the whole Yorkshire side out to win themselves.

On the broad principle, I suppose you should say they should not have declared. It is not fair, in a championship, to let any side take points by odd declarations.

But I think there is a wider issue before cricket at the moment than any as narrow and pedantic as that. It is the issue of making the game interesting by dragging the crowds back with cricket that is fun, spirited, capable of surprises, and with every game as important as the points.

I am sure Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie's sole aim and object was to provide a bit of fun in the closing stages of a dull game. That Freddie Trueman helped him to succeed so well

completely justifies his move. Right now I am all for fun, spirit and sixes—and to heck with the points. If they mean dead bat play.

Money Back

On the other issue of whether Test ticket money should be returned my answer is a definite NO. I believe every cricket follower knows what he is doing when he buys his Test tickets, and if he buys for fourth and fifth days, it is his own fault if the game ends early. If he does not think the game will run to the fourth or fifth day, he knows what to do: refuse to buy the tickets.

I think it is administratively too difficult to give money back. In any case, a boxing fan does not demand his money back if a big fight ends in the third round instead of the 15th. Why should a cricket crowd do so, especially as customers rarely need buy far ahead?

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Unfairly Treated

London, May 31.

Walkers of the Commonwealth feel they are unfairly treated. There are two walking events in both the Olympic and European Games. But there is no event for them in the Empire Games.

When the Commonwealth countries gather at Cardiff, I understand efforts will be made to have walking included in the 1958 Empire Games. If the authorities agree, the event will probably be over 50 kilometres.—London Express.

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: CCC "A" v KRCB, KCC v KRC, KRCB "A" v CCC "B", TC v KRCB "B".

2nd Division: TC "A" v KRC, KRCB v KCC, KRCB "A" v KRC, KRCB "B" v KRC.

3rd Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

4th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

5th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

6th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

7th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

8th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

9th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

10th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

11th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

12th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

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17th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

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71st Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

72nd Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

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88th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

89th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

90th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

91st Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

92nd Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

93rd Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

94th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

95th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

96th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

97th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

98th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

99th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

100th Division: KCC v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC, KRCB v KRC.

SKILL PLUS

Fast, Fast, Quick, Quick, Fast.



Ron Delany, Olympic 1,500 metres gold-medallist, regained his position as racing pride of Ireland in Dublin last week with a four minute 7.5 seconds win in a mile race against such opposition as Britain's Brian Hewson, Derek Ibbotson and Gordon Pirie. Delany is pictured in front here, followed by Hewson and Ibbotson.—London Express Photo.

A GREAT CRICKETER IS REMEMBERED

By ARCHIE QUICK

It was Tate Day at Hove on the first day of the Nottinghamshire match there. Cricket seemed a secondary consideration, and, in fact, in a drear, grey day of drizzle only 125 runs for four wickets were scored between the weather interruptions.

But it was an occasion to remember for the Maurice Tate Memorial Gates were unveiled. The warm personality of England's greatest fast medium bowler glowed over the occasion, and it was difficult to realise that this lovable man had been dead two years.

Almost everyone of the considerable Tate family were there. The widow, Mrs Kathleen Tate, brother Cecil, sisters Margaret, Elsie, Gwen, Doris, Violet, and Billie, sons Jimmy and Mike, daughter Joan, and "in-laws," nieces and nephews galore.

Mrs Tate opened the magnificent iron gates with a golden key, handed to her by His Grace the Duke of Norfolk (President of the MCC) and the accompanying side panels were unveiled by those illustrious English cricketers, Sir John Hobbs and Mr A.E.R. Gilligan.

Present

In addition to the Sussex and Nottinghamshire cricketers I also noticed present Frank Woolley (Kent and England), G.E.C. Wood (Kent and England), E.W. Clark (Northamptonshire and England), James Langridge (Lancashire), and "Tich" Cornford (all

Best Tate anecdote of the day was told by Arthur Gilligan when he was captaining England in Australia in 1924. Sir John Hobbs, Frank Woolley and G.E.C. Wood were also on that tour. In a Test at Melbourne Tate appealed for a catch at the wicket off his bowling against Bert Oldfield. It was not upheld. At the end of the over Tate went and spoke to the batsman in his characteristic confidential manner. The public and the Press thought he was complaining at the decision. What, in fact, he did say, and so typically, was: "Ain't it...hot!"

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Anecdote

POWER NEEDED ENGLAND MUST RESHAPE ITS SOCCER TEAM FOR THE WORLD CUP

By DENNIS HART

England's soccer selectors have only two weeks in which to reshape their team for the final stages of the World Cup. Unless, of course, they are lulled into complacency by that 1-1 draw against Russia in Moscow. It was a grand fighting performance, especially after that pathetic 5-0 drubbing a week earlier by Yugoslavia. But fighting spirit alone will not win the World Cup.

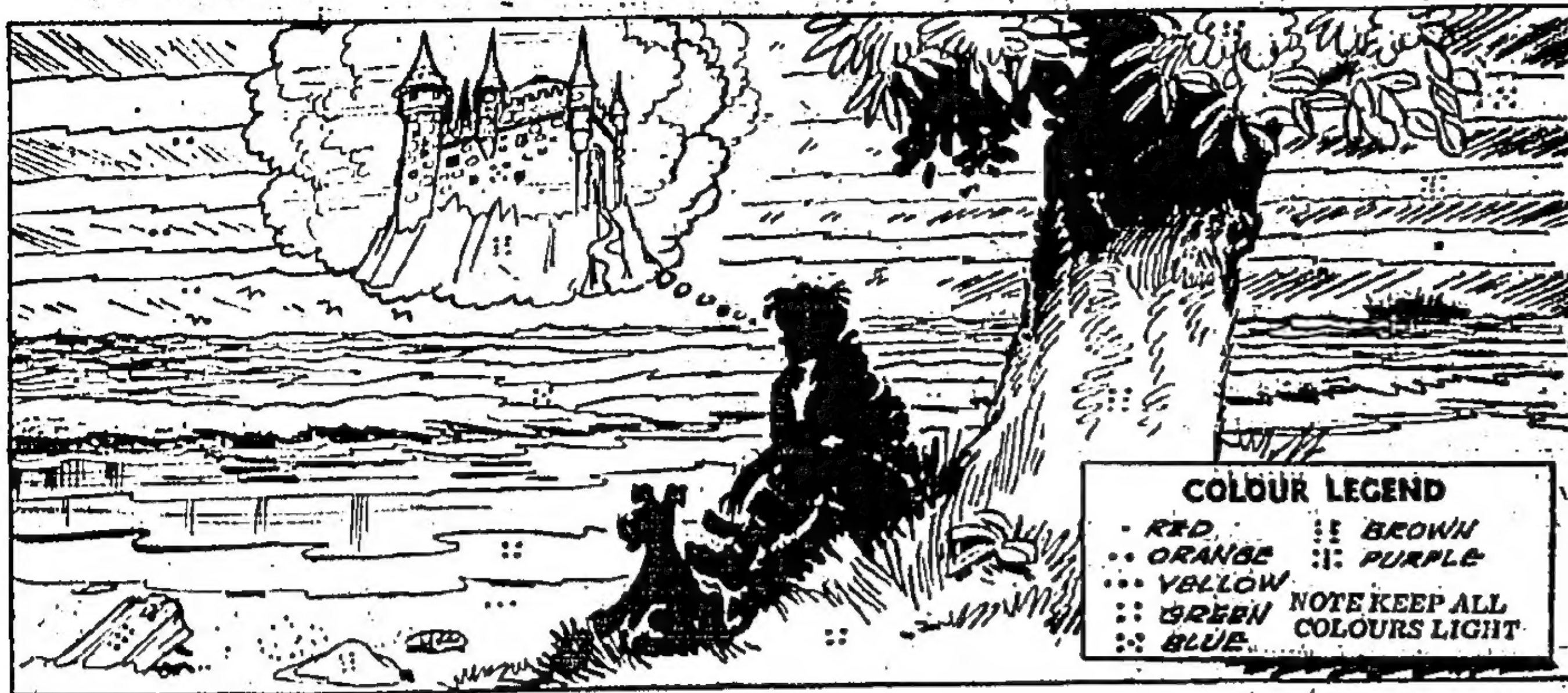
The day has gone when the good old British shoulder charge was enough to offset the greater skill of European and South American sides. Most of these countries have now added purpose to their artistic play.



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Crayon Fun—Build Coloured Castles In Air



Our World—Scotty's Castle Is Still Amazing

AN amazing feature about Death Valley is the fact that man conquered it even to the extent of erecting huge and beautiful buildings. If you were to go there today, you could visit Death Valley Scotty's castle, which is really the show place of the area. You would find it up against the mountains in Grapevine Canyon.

"Scotty," whose real name was Walter Scott, died in 1954. He has almost become a legendary figure today in spite of the fact that he was one of the roughest, toughest old pioneers who ever attempted to "name" Death Valley.

Once he decided to enter it, snakes, sandstorms and buzzards had to give way to him. Scotty was a man of great wealth in his later years although you would never have dreamed it if you could have seen him as I did in his faded blue shirt, open at the neck,

and five-gallon Stetson. (He only wore his red necktie on "dress-up" occasions.) Although he was above medium height, his weight made him appear stodgy. Everything about Scotty was intriguing, but it was his blue eyes which particularly drew you to him!

★ ★ ★

Scotty had a great sense of humor. I think he was amused at the whole world, and do you know why? Well, it was because he claimed to have a "secret" gold mine somewhere in Death Valley which to this day no one has ever seen. But the way Scotty would openly flash rolls of currency around seemed to give weight to his claim.

There were also tales about his pockets being crammed with gold. No wonder bandits took "pot shots" at this rich old desert dweller.

According to one ranger Scotty had many bullet scars. But the old man was fearless. He loved life and enjoyed



Death Valley Scotty

"spinning tall yarns." All he asked was an audience. At one time in his early days he rode with Buffalo Bill, being a natural showman, it was

no wonder that he erected this seemingly impossible, but magnificent, castle. Nothing less gaudy would have satisfied him. I hope some day you can drive up to the concrete, towered structure which will, perhaps, remind you first of Spain. You will pay the \$1.00 fee and then walk over the bridge into the castle.

★ ★ ★

As you travel from room to room, gay coloured tiles (which blend with the desert shades) will smile up at you from all directions. Exquisite rugs and tapestries and valuable ornaments from Italy, Spain and other European countries will make your eyes pop. You will find everything you expect to find in a castle, from hand-wrought iron work to beautifully carved doors and coloured lights.

All of this will seem strangely out of place to you in this weird blazing desert. But Death Valley is a land of unbelievably exciting contrasts.

—By CAROLYN M. CRANE

Short Story—Petunia Elephant Plays A Joke

PETUNIA elephant walked down the path through the jungle. At least, she was walking as well as a very fat young elephant could walk.

"Here's a puddle. Petunia!" screamed Peter Parrot from the tree above. "Step on it and make it disappear."

Sure enough. A puddle stretched clear across the path. Splash! Down came one foot right in the puddle. The puddle disappeared. She had splashed all of the water out. It happened that way every time—those short legs.

★ ★ ★

Peter laughed and laughed. He almost fell off the branch. Petunia didn't laugh. She almost felt like crying. She thought Peter was teasing her. She wiped her eyes with her trunk.

"Let's play hide and seek. Petunia is the base," a monkey called from another tree.

Down the monkeys climbed and began to run toward Petunia. One, Brownie, even jumped onto her back.

"Last one to base is a pig!" called Brownie from her back. Petunia didn't want to be base. She couldn't run, she was so fat. So she never played

games. Big tears slid down her trunk.

"Why, Petunia," said Peter parrot, "you have cried a puddle of tears. Step on it and make it disappear."

"Won't!" said Petunia, pouting. "Oh, if only she could think of a joke to make them laugh. They always made jokes and laughed at her. Did a joke have to hurt people's feelings?"

Suddenly, Petunia cheered up. She had thought of a joke—and it was one that wouldn't hurt anyone.

"Let's go for a walk," she suggested.

"Yes, let's," agreed Peter.

All the monkeys ran to join them. Petunia started down the path that led to the lake. She hurried but the others got ahead.

When she got to the lake she saw all the monkeys standing on the log. Peter was on the log, also. They all liked to stand on the log and look into the water.

"Oh, dear. Another puddle!" Petunia said, when she got there.

"Step on it, Petunia. Make it disappear!" shouted Brownie and the other monkeys.

That was just what Petunia wanted them to say.

She walked out on the log very carefully. How she hoped they would laugh at her joke.

Then she stepped hard onto the water. In fact, she JUMPED in right by the log. Splash! What an tremendous noise it made. First the log bounced. Then, down fell the water all over the monkeys and on Peter.

★ ★ ★

"Why, the water is still here," Petunia tried to sound surprised. "It hit you and bounced back into the lake."

Brownie began to laugh. Peter and the monkeys laughed. They all thought Petunia's joke was funny. And they loved the cooling shower.

Hobby Corner—Snails

SNAILS are almost as interesting as they are slow, according to an Oklahoma State University graduate student who is probably the state's champion snail collector.

Brantley Branson has collected approximately half a million of these slow-moving creatures in the past four years. Snails are unique, he says. They can walk on water, change their sex, breathe by two different methods and on occasion have been used for money.

They eat by means of a raspy-like tongue called a radula which is so efficient that in several states snails cause serious damage to truck gardens.

Some snails are able to glide along the surface of water by laying down a path of slime on which to tread.

Snails move—Branson estimates a good sized specimen can creep about six inches a minute if he's in a hurry—by means of peristalsis, a series of waves produced by muscle contraction.

Snail breathing systems are unique. One species, the Apple snail, which can be found in Oklahoma only in one area, has a tube which it elevates above the water's surface when it needs air.

The Germans supposedly got the idea for submarine snorkels after observing this snail procedure.

However, if the snail can't for some reason, use his snorkel, he still doesn't have to worry about where his next



breath is coming from, says Branson. He can take oxygen directly from the water by means of a cloak of tissue inside his shell.

Oxygen simply spreads through the tissue which is richly supplied with blood, and carbon dioxide escapes in a similar manner.

In Oklahoma, snails have little value other than as inhabitants of the home aquarium, but in other places, they have a variety of commercial uses.

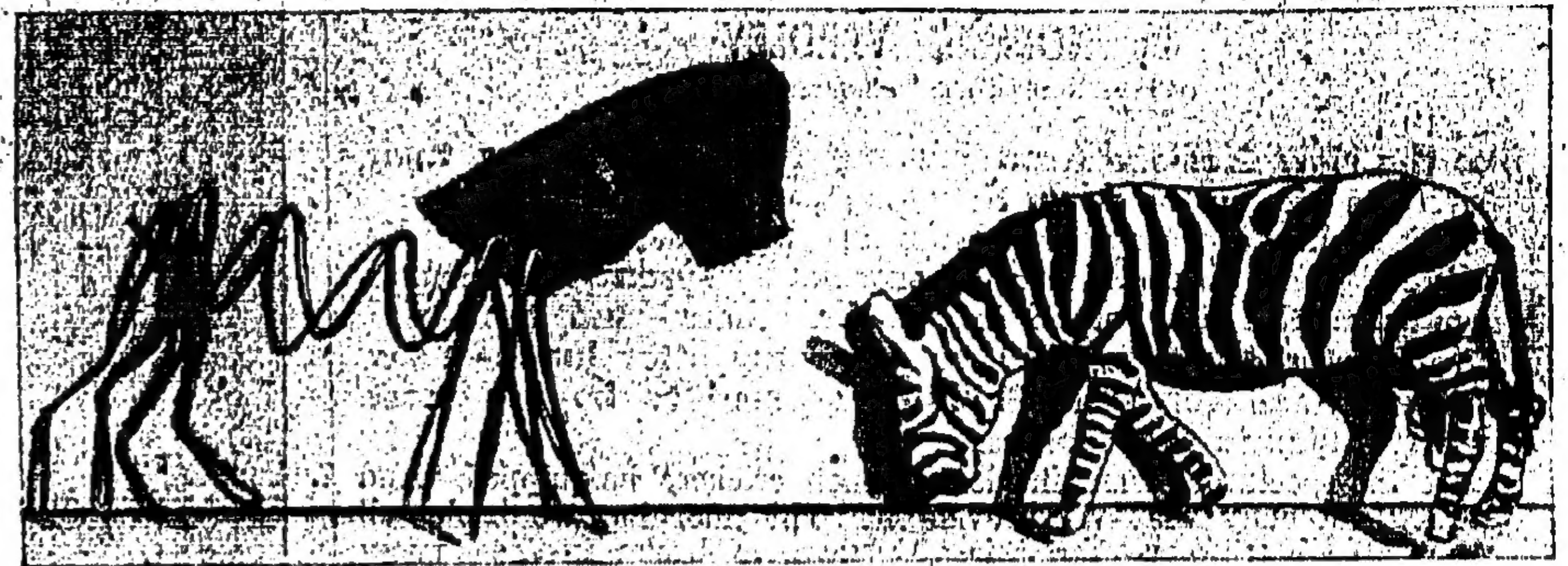
They are, considered quite a delicacy in some countries, especially in France. In past years, natives in the Pacific Islands have used snail shells for money. Even today, collectors will pay as much as \$500 for a rare shell, Branson says.

Most of Branson's snails have gone into the university's collection which now totals nearly two million specimens. It includes about 250 species, 128 from Oklahoma, ranging in size from Cinnamon snails, about the size of a grain of sand, to Apple snails, nearly the size of a man's hand.

Despite his fast snail collecting pace in the past, Branson isn't about to continue his subject. The Oklahoma student estimates there are more than 30,000 species of snails in the world.

Things To Do—

Make Your Own Menagerie



You will have lots of fun making all sorts of animals of wire and putty or clay. You can have all the toys you want. Simply bend the wire roughly into the shape of the animal you want to make, as shown at left. Next, press the material over it and shape with the fingers. When it hardens, sandpaper smooth and paint, as shown at right, above. There is no limit to the size of your menagerie—a long-necked giraffe, elephant with outstretched trunk, pudgy hippopotamus, spotted leopard and even a long boa constrictor.

Mr Merlin's New Shoes

—When He Put Them On, He Went Floating Around—

By MAX TRELL

KNAER and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, were sitting on the steps in back of the house. They were wondering whether it was worth walking around the block to visit a friend who always had cookies to give them, when they heard footsteps on the pavement.

Looking up, they saw that it was their friend Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician. He was carrying a shoe box under his arm.

"Good morning, my dears," said Mr. Merlin.

Knaer and Hanid returned the greeting.

Mr. Merlin sat down beside them on the steps and started undoing the string around the shoe box.

Brand-New Shoes

"I've just bought myself a brand-new pair of shoes," he said. "They're a little tight on me. I think I may have to take them back and exchange them for a larger pair."

"Oh, that's a shame," said Hanid. "Why did you buy them if they were tight?"

"They're supposed to be very good shoes," said Mr. Merlin. "The shoe salesman who sold them to me said that if I walked in them for awhile, I would feel as though I were floating in the air."

They Looked Ordinary

By this time, Mr. Merlin had untied the string and had taken out the pair of shoes. They seemed like perfectly ordinary black shoes except that there was something strange coming out of the backs of them.

"They seem to have bird wings on them," said Knaer.

"Dear me," said Mr. Merlin. "I do believe you're right. I've never seen such odd things on shoes before."

"I'd better take these shoes back right away. I can't go walking around with bird wings on my shoes. What will people think?"

Mr. Merlin started putting the shoes back in the shoe box but Knaer and Hanid both urged him to try them on first.

Wings Were Flapping

It seemed to Knaer that he noticed that the bird wings were flapping about a bit.

"Very well," said Mr. Merlin. "I'll try them on just to please you both. But mind you, I'm



Knaer saw the bird wings on Merlin's new shoes.

not going to wear them. I don't want shoes with bird wings. I want regular ordinary good shoes."

Mr. Merlin put his feet in the new shoes, tied the laces and stood up.

"I'll just walk to the bottom of the stairs and up again," he said, "it don't want to scratch the bottoms of the shoes, otherwise the store won't take them back."

With this, Mr. Merlin started down the stairs, but he never really got his feet down at all. Instead of walking down the stairs, he floated down.

"Look at those bird wings!" Knaer said to Hanid. "Look at them flapping!"

Down the stairs went Mr. Merlin, floating like a bird!

"Why, this is delightful!" he said. "These shoes make me feel as though I'm floating in the air just like the salesman said!"

Mr. Merlin liked the shoes so much that he went floating down to the end of the street and back again.

Wonderful Thing

Then Mr. Merlin did a wonderful thing. He lent the shoes to Knaer. They were a bit big, but Knaer went floating all around the block, up to the house of the friend who had all the cookies, and came floating back, smiling with joy.

Even Hanid tried the shoes on. She floated over the garden, just above the Daisies and Buttercups.

"Just the same," said Mr. Merlin later, "I think I'd better return these shoes. I don't think it's a good idea to have bird wings on them. What will people think?"

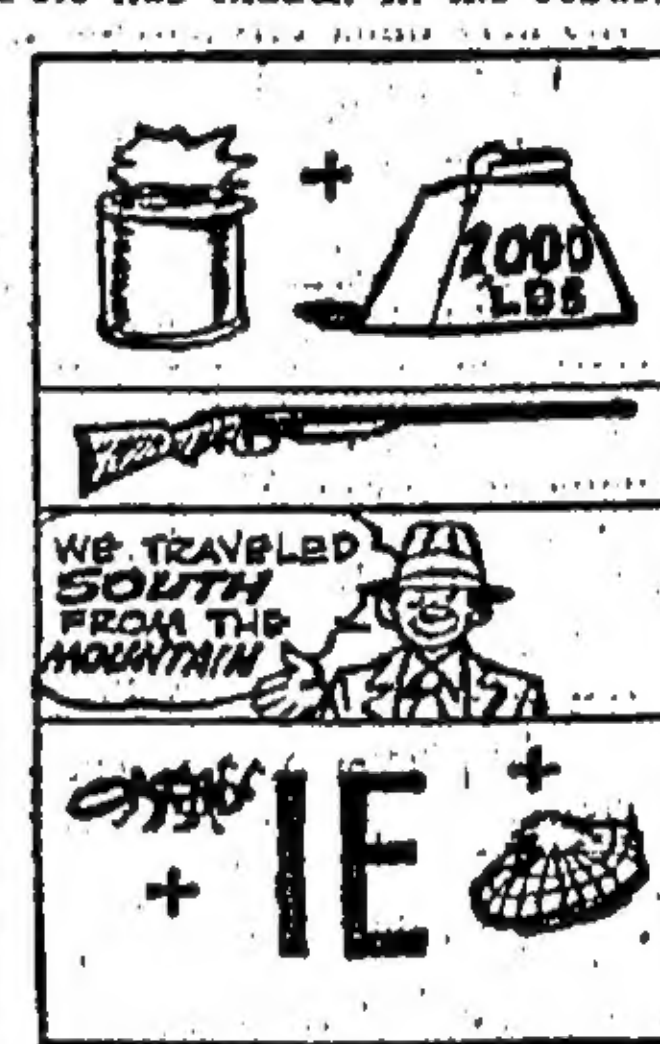
And nothing that Knaer and Hanid said would make Mr. Merlin change his mind.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Visit President McKinley:

McKINLEY REBUS

Use the words and pictures to your fullest advantage to find the four places associated with President McKinley that Puzzle Pete has hidden in his rebus:



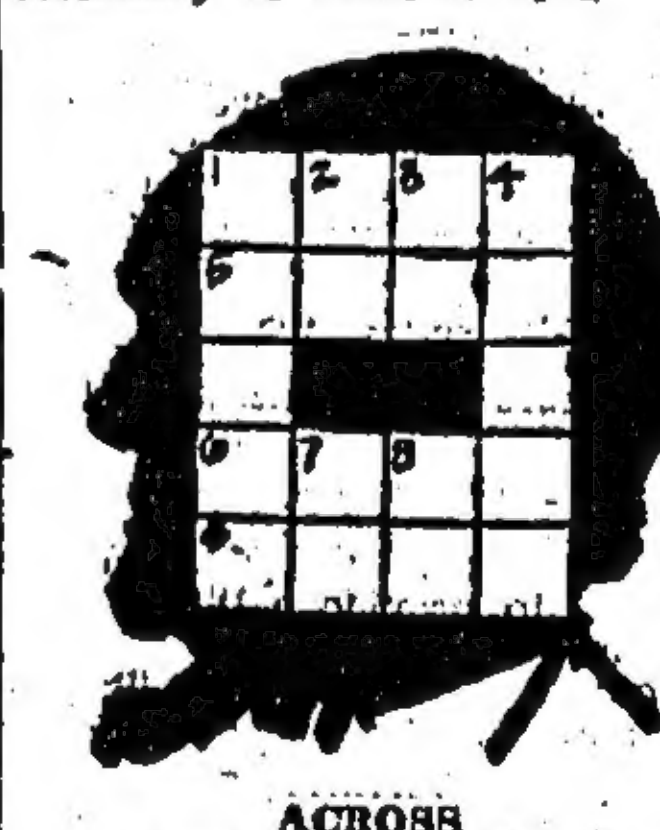
MIRROR WORK

If you have trouble with these strange words, try reading them backward. You'll find each of them had a connection with President McKinley:

ENAM PHISLETAB
NOTKAS ADI
ZSOGLOX NOEL

McKINLEY CROSSWORD

Puzzle Pete had Cartoonist Cal place his crossword puzzle on a silhouette of President McKinley to dress it up.



ACROSS

1 President McKinley was the seventh of children in his family.
5 Snakehead's river.
6 He was shot in Buffalo, a Lake — port.

DOWN

1 Titles.
2 Four (Roman).
3 Opposite of "yes".
4 Come in.
7 Musical note.
8 1d cat (ab.)

JUMBLED SENTENCE

Help Puzzle Pete straighten out his sentences about President McKinley.

Favorite red made of Ohio, 1901. Flower, flower state, died McKinley's was native he the state carnation, his when in

McKINLEY DIAMOND

Mrs. McKinley was a CASHIER in her father's bank when she married President McKinley, so Puzzle Pete uses that as a centre for his word diamond. The second word is "possessor"; third "in a hurry"; fifth "pays"; and sixth "opposite of no." Complete the diamond from these clues:

C
A
S
H
I
E
R
I
E
R

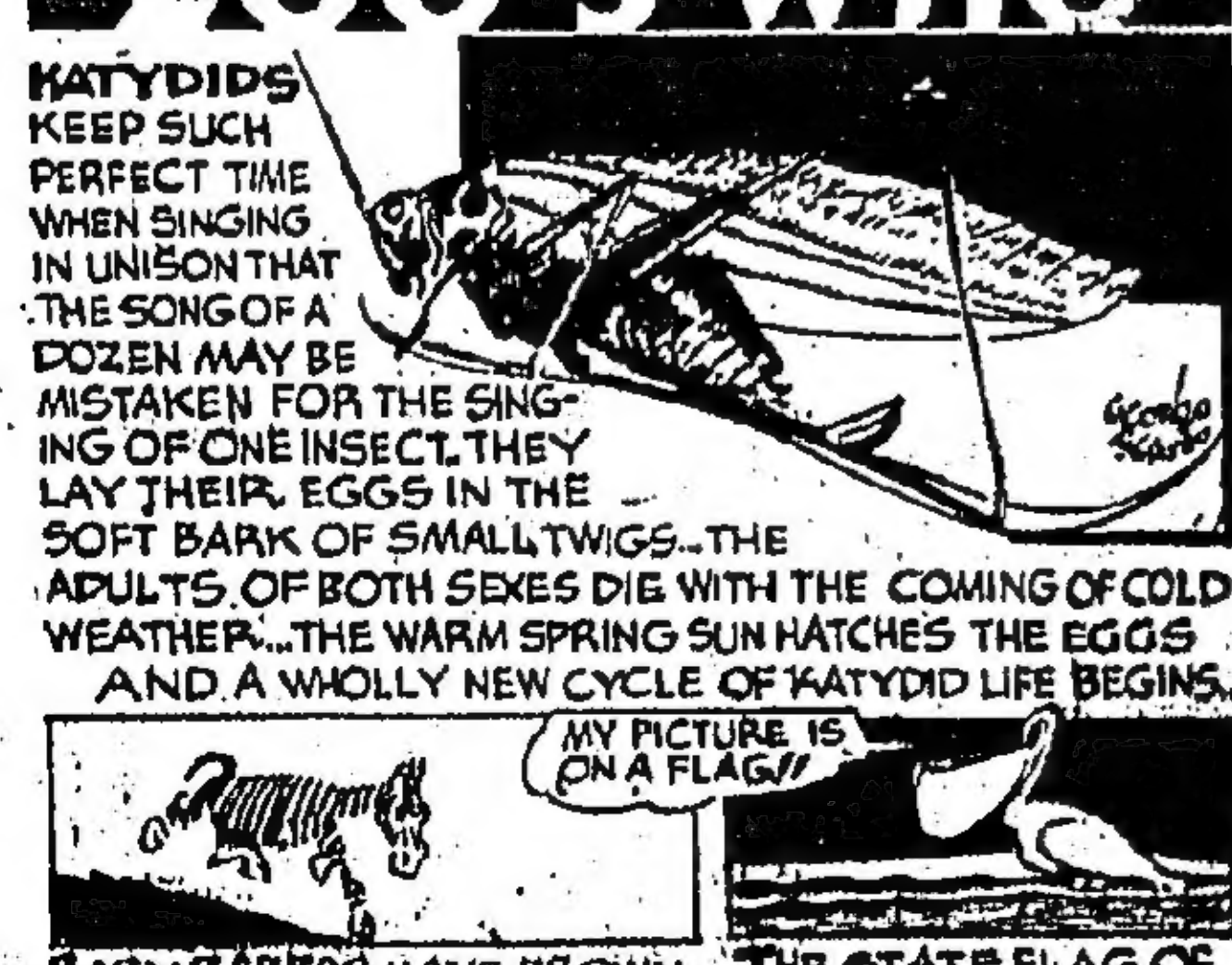
(Solutions on Page 19)

Brain Teaser

EACH of these words begins with "double." How many of them can you complete?

- Double ———— Ambiguous language.
- Double ———— Bar for harnessing two horses.
- Double ———— Slow run.
- Double ———— Two couples going out together.
- Double ———— Treacherous act.
- Double ———— \$20 U.S. gold coin.
- Double ———— Hypocritical.
- Double ———— Method of bookkeeping.
- Double ———— Pair of pots that fit into each other.
- Double ———— Two baseball games.
- Double ———— Two meanings.
- Double ———— Descriptive of certain type of gun.

4000'S WHO



KATYDIDS KEEP SUCH PERFECT TIME WHEN SINGING IN UNISON THAT THE SONG OF A DOZEN MAY BE MISTAKEN FOR THE SINGING OF ONE INSECT. THEY LAY THEIR EGGS IN THE SOFT BARK OF SMALL TWIGS. THE ADULTS OF BOTH SEXES DIE WITH THE COMING OF COLD WEATHER. THE WARM SPRING SUN HATCHES THE EGGS AND A WHOLLY NEW CYCLE OF KATYDID LIFE BEGINS.

BABY ZEBRAS HAVE BROWN STRIPES. THEY TURN BLACK AS THE ZEBRA AGES. THE STATE FLAG OF LOUISIANA DEPICTS A PELICAN.

Rupert and the Silent Land—47



At the Pizdams, the suspected jewel of Rupert's little friends who have seen the silent land, they are now going to the silent land. They haven't noticed it. Whisper the old man. I can't hear the bushes and the trees. And they are silent to them. And they are silent to them.

